



3 1761 04250 9356











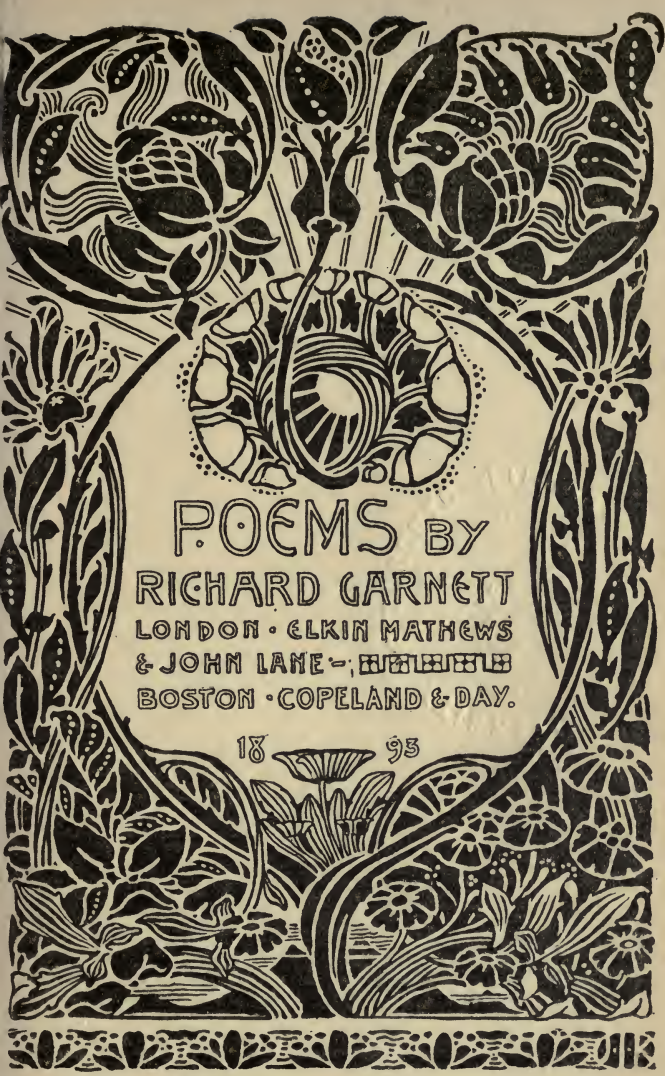
41







7/2/18



POEMS BY

RICHARD GARNETT

LONDON · ELKIN MATHEWS

& JOHN LANE ·

BOSTON · COPELAND & DAY.

18

93

326386  
23. 4. 36.

PR  
4708  
G5P6

Edinburgh : T. and A. CONSTABLE, Printers to Her Majesty

## PREFATORY NOTE

ABOUT a third of the Poems in this volume were published in 1859, with other pieces, under the title, 'Io in Egypt, and other Poems.'



# CONTENTS

	PAGE
PRELUDE . . . . .	1
IO IN EGYPT . . . . .	3
WINE AND SLEEP . . . . .	8
THE SEA OF SOUL . . . . .	11
MELUSINA . . . . .	14
EVEN-STAR . . . . .	18
SICILIAN OCTAVES . . . . .	20
THE BROKEN EGG . . . . .	24
THE ISLAND OF SHADOWS . . . . .	29
MORE . . . . .	33
BY TROPIC SHORES . . . . .	34
THE LOST POETRY OF SAPPHO . . . . .	35

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE FRIEND OF GREECE . . . .	39
UNBLEST DISCOMFORTABLE THING . .	42
RONDEL . . . . .	44
NAUSICAA . . . . .	45
THE FAIR CIRCASSIAN . . . .	48
UNDER THE COCOA . . . .	50
A PERSIAN'S THOUGHT . . . .	51
MY BLOOD IS WARM . . . .	52
ÆGISTHUS . . . . .	53
A NOCTURN . . . . .	55
A LITTLE IDLE SONG . . . .	56
THE KELPIE AND THE WRECKER . .	57
THE PHILTRE . . . . .	59
THE VIOLET TO THE NIGHTINGALE . .	61
A MELODY . . . . .	63
ELFIN FOLK . . . . .	64
THE MERMAID OF PADSTOW . . .	65
SEVEN DEVILS . . . . .	68
THE HARPY AND THE PANDARIDE . .	71

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE SIREN . . . . .	73
THE EVE OF THE GUILLOTINE . . . . .	74
A CITY SONG . . . . .	78
THE DIVER'S STORY . . . . .	79
PHILEMON'S DEATH . . . . .	82
OUR CROCODILE . . . . .	83
ECHO AND NARCISSUS . . . . .	85
IN THE TRAIN.—MIDNIGHT . . . . .	87
THE BIRTHDAY . . . . .	88
THE BLACKBIRD . . . . .	90
THE BALLAD OF THE BOAT . . . . .	91
THE GATE . . . . .	94
ALADDIN'S RING . . . . .	96
RAJAH AND RYOT . . . . .	97
ABROAD . . . . .	98
THE HIGHWAYMAN'S GHOST . . . . .	99
FADING-LEAF AND FALLEN-LEAF . . . . .	101
CONSTANCE . . . . .	102
THE LYRICAL POEM . . . . .	104

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE DIDACTIC POEM . . . . .	104
THE VIZIER AND THE HORSE . . . . .	105
MOKANNA'S VEIL . . . . .	108
THE NEW GRISELDA . . . . .	109
APOLLO IN TEMPE . . . . .	111
POLYIDUS . . . . .	113
THE NIX . . . . .	118
MIORA . . . . .	119
VIOLETS . . . . .	121
BEAUTY . . . . .	122
FORTH TO THE WOODS . . . . .	123
MUSIC . . . . .	124

## SONNETS

TO DANTE . . . . .	127
AGE . . . . .	128
ON REVISITING LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL . . . . .	129
SHADOWS BEFORE . . . . .	130



# CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE SANDS OF TIME . . . . .	131
TO AMERICA . . . . .	132
GARIBALDI'S RETIREMENT . . . . .	133
BISMARCK AND MOLTKE . . . . .	134
BUNYAN AND SPINOZA . . . . .	135
AN OLD PERUVIAN BOOK . . . . .	136
A DOUBTFUL PROSPECT . . . . .	137
JOY . . . . .	138
SEA-PAGEANTRY . . . . .	139
THE TAPER . . . . .	140
SONGS OF SION . . . . .	141
THE SONNET-CONCERT . . . . .	142
CAMOENS IN BANISHMENT . . . . .	143
TORCHES OF LOVE AND DEATH . . . . .	144
THE SIREN . . . . .	145
THE WORLD AND THE SEA . . . . .	146
THE STAR OF LOVE . . . . .	147
BREVITY . . . . .	148
ENDYMION . . . . .	149

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
DIAN'S WAYS . . . . .	150
WRITTEN IN MILES'S 'POETS OF THE CENTURY'	151

## OCCASIONAL POEMS

THE CENTURY . . . . .	155
LINES AT BOSCOMBE . . . . .	160
WITH AN INDIAN LAMP . . . . .	166
A WELCOME . . . . .	168
MEMORIAL VERSES . . . . .	170

## PRELUDE

Not with ware of worth unladen,  
Sailed my bark in days of yore,  
When, seafarer bound for Aidenn,  
By the singing siren-maiden  
Tempted, I forsook the shore.

Waning day departed, wailing  
Wild with rush of wind and rain ;  
Stress of storm and surge prevailing  
Scourged the skiff and marred the sailing ;  
So to port we sped amain.

Much I mused, misdoubting whether  
More to fare on fickle sea ;  
Sunny blaze and sullen weather,  
Breath of breeze and blast together,  
Chain as charm had woven for me.

## PRELUDE

But pure heaven with shadeless pleasure  
Smiles upon the moving blue ;  
And the waves dance merry measure ;  
And my boat stores novel treasure ;  
And the Siren sings anew.

Trustful, then, in Powers presiding  
O'er the chance of changeeful main ;  
Wave from buoyant wave dividing,  
Lightly with a heart confiding,  
Launch the little bark again !

## IO IN EGYPT

### IO IN EGYPT

No palm-grove, green 'mid lion-coloured  
sands,

No forest-heaving mount, no river coiled  
Involving in clear silver fair champaigns,  
Saw Io, mad and dizzied vagabond,  
Full thirty days, so long the visible wrath  
Of Hera as a gad-fly followed her.

First from the awful pinnacle whereon,  
Like a wrecked star, the lorn Prometheus lay,  
Precipitated. Pine on pine was crashed ;  
Stone—dusty, fiery—bounded after stone ;  
The startled eagle's scream, a moment's  
space,

Vanquished the clash of cataracts. Then on  
Through deep Armenia, where the baffled  
snow

Glares on the plenteous mulberry secure  
In sheltering glens. Then headlong through  
the still

Mesopotamia's plashed unbroken plain ;

Then ever-hungering deserts, no man's land,  
 By Syria and Arabia both disowned :  
 Till her strength failed her, and she fell at  
     once,  
 Unwitting where.

    Grey-cushioned on soft mist,  
 Fumed from broad fens, reposed the sullied  
     moon.

A slow stream nursed her image, as a weak,  
 Down-couching mother holds her new-born  
     babe

Up toward the father's face. Green cur-  
     tainers,

The rigid reeds upstood, and tressy sedge  
 Bathed in the water. Ever and anon

The crocodile plunged stone-like; herded  
     bulks

Of tumbling, snorting hippopotami,  
 Churned the smooth light, or, dripping as  
     they rose,

Pashed the tall flowering marsh where Io  
     slept.

She woke in sunlight. As an alchemist  
 From crucible to chalice, Libya poured  
 A molten flood on Egypt. Golden sheets  
 Unbeaded by a bubble. Like a cloud

## IO IN EGYPT

Ibis and pelican and feathery rose  
Of flushed flamingo hovered o'er the stream.  
Where the winged anguish? vanished! In  
its stead  
Stood mighty female forms, austere proud  
In the calm grandeur of colossal limbs.  
Linen their raiment, needle-wrought with  
gold,  
Gold-cinctured, billowing on the bosom, sunk  
Decorous to the bulrush-sandalled feet.  
Braided the hair on each dark front serene,  
Jet-spiked by each smooth ear. Their almond  
eyes  
Dwelt mildly on the prostrate one, their  
hands  
Shook silverly the sistrum while they said :—

‘The land of refuge hails thee! Hera’s  
frown  
Melts in maternal Isis gravely mild.  
Come, Io—Io, come—and be our queen.

The millet thickens, and the joyous vine  
Runs riot in the Mareotic marsh;  
The palm is doubly plumed, gourds doubly  
gild  
The earth by Io gladdened with a queen.

## IO IN EGYPT

I listened from the island in the Nile ;  
The waves were musical, the wheeling stars  
Chimed in their courses, from the looming  
fane  
Low'd sacred Apis, and the voice of all  
Saluted Io coming to be queen.

A sound goes forth from Ethiopia ;  
The hills unlock their fountains, burdened  
clouds  
Unsluice their murky waters, rills with rain  
Roll, rage and roar ; soon Nile with mighty  
floods  
Comes crowding on the land and blesses  
it—  
More blest with Io coming to be queen.

The dusky faces swarm into the streets ;  
They wait for thee with leopards leashed  
in gold,  
With ebon, ivory, frankincense, and myrrh.  
The cymbals clash around Amenophis  
Sole-sitting in his royal seat ; his lords  
Look forth and hear him crying : “ See ye  
aught  
Of my dark sisters and my golden queen ? ” ”



IO IN EGYPT

Then went she with them. Through  
plains, water-like  
With the green millet's glimmer; past the  
huts  
Huddled in date-trees; where the sifted sand  
Locked the laborious foot, and cattle lay  
Cool in the shadow of the pyramid;  
Through avenues enormous, sphinx on sphinx,  
And pillared streets and shouting multitudes.  
So to the palace, niched with gilded forms  
Of god and sage, and bright with giant kings  
Warring for ever on the pictured frieze;  
Then the great court, awful with deities,  
Where pressed Amenophis his vivid throne,  
That seemed a golden glowing apple, rolled  
From the bent knees of his colossal gods.

## WINE AND SLEEP

### WINE AND SLEEP

AMID Cithaeron's wilderness, what time  
Ambiguous eve was brightening stars with  
shade,

I heard young Bacchus boasting, as, superb  
In languid pride and jovial indolence,  
He leaned against a plane-tree richly wed  
With vine at the Immortal's touch upgrown.  
Low-browed, with pulsing nostril and short  
lip,

And slackly muscular he leaned, a cup  
Idly on his plump finger balancing,  
And glorying thus he mocked the other Gods :

Apollo, Hermes, Hera, Cybele,  
Poseidon, Aphrodite, Artemis,  
And very majesty of Zeus, look down,  
And say where ye descry your worshippers.  
Cold flaky ashes choke the relic brand,  
Unbutchered lows the steer, neglected droops  
The chaplet interwoven with pale webs.

## WINE AND SLEEP

For that the cities and the villages  
Are void of those who worshipped erst, but  
    now,  
Evöe-shrieking, thyrsus-brandishing,  
Grape-maddened, roam Cithaeron's wilds  
    with me,  
The youngest and the mightiest of the Gods.

Thus vaunting, he strode forth, and with  
    proud glance  
Surveyed his retinue, but instantly  
Contentment fled him, and he flushed with  
    wrath,

'Ware of the presence of a mightier God ;  
For all the Maenads lay subdued by Sleep.  
Careless in flowing attitudes, like streams  
Of living beauty poured and serpentine,  
They lay on bunches of crushed grapes, or  
    coils

Of limber ivy, delicate of leaf,  
Blent with the thyrsus, the empurpled bowl,  
And copious tresses' prodigality.

The deadly beauty of the leopardess  
Slumbered among them, tawnier for the milk  
Of their smooth limbs, blunt head and dainty  
    paw

Entangled in the wreaths, and, carried long

## WINE AND SLEEP

In frenzy, the loosed serpent stole away.  
And Bacchus raised his hand as if to grasp  
His ivy crown, and hurl it 'mid the troop :  
When lo ! his hand met poppies, and his lips  
Inbreathed a fume more odorous than the  
sweet

Of saturated wine-jars long immured  
And fresh unsealed. Swimming, his eye-  
ball thrice

Circuited the moist oval of his eye,  
Then sank, and his drowsed hand dismissed  
the cup ;

And as a poured libation bubbles, creams,  
Then melts into the sod, so were his limbs  
Convulsed, composed, and as the wavering  
fall

Of a shed rose-leaf on a windless noon,  
Such was his mild declension to the earth.  
There, undulant yet moveless, low he lay,  
The youngest and the loveliest of the Gods.  
And then a cloud eclipsed Cithaeron's snow,  
And issuing thunder boomed, big with the  
bland

And sovran laughter of supremest Zeus.

## THE SEA OF SOUL

### THE SEA OF SOUL

WRIT vast Creation o'er  
By heavenly hand behold the precept true ;  
    Lock not the abounding store  
    With niggard heart and poor ;  
Give, that it may be given unto you.

    The rich sun not in vain  
Feeds on his own great heart of living light :  
    The planets' shining train  
    By his their state sustain,  
And by his fire's decrease the moon burns  
    bright.

    The black cloud tempest-spel,  
Showering its silver on the barren sea,  
    Gives life unto the dead  
    When drops so wildly shed  
Come back in happy rain to comfort flower  
    and tree.

## THE SEA OF SOUL

All energy and rest,  
All interchange of shadow or of shine,  
Are blended and are blest  
In mutual interest.  
Should not the lot of all things else be mine ?

Sunlike my spirit burns,  
Lavish of light for mortal need amassed ;  
It leaves me, nor returns,  
No stars in golden urns  
Gather the brightness that from me hath past.

For Penury and Pain  
Medicine I know, and Sorrow I can cheer ;  
But Sympathy's sweet rain  
Visiteth not again  
The source it fled, and my own heart is sere.

Sore though the lip might chide,  
One little kiss of Love had made it dumb.  
I deemed we walked allied ;  
I called him to my side ;  
Gone was he not, for he had never come.

## THE SEA OF SOUL

Tears streaming inwardly,  
Thoughts misbegot and perishing alone :—  
Can like abortion be  
By Nature's alchemy  
Wrought to a solace for the souls unknown ?

Hath not Mind substance ? rare,  
But true as those twin oceans Space reveals,  
Bright water and soft air ?  
Whereof, touched anywhere,  
The whole mass thrills, and every atom feels.

Cast then, of man unheard,  
Into that sea of soul thy secret sigh :  
Billow by billow stirred  
Swells with the tongueless word,  
And the far deeps have knowledge and reply.

If such be Being's bent,  
I, wronged in nought, no more will idly rue,  
Nor more, my discontent  
Soothing with sweet lament,  
Linger beside my grief, as now I do.

## MELUSINA

## MELUSINA

'Twas when the loitering eves of idle June  
Like breezeless barks went slow and drowsy  
by,  
And Vesper kindled, and the mellowing moon  
Stood out distinct against the deep-blue sky,  
And the sun's wake, though he had vanished  
quite,  
Edged half the sultry heaven with orange  
light—

Then, as a prisoned bird that will not sing  
Anothersong than erst the woodland taught,  
Where once she roved with free unfearful  
wing,  
So Melusina would not chant of aught  
But the still rivers, and of what may be  
Locked in the deep illimitable sea.



## MELUSINA

And so her songs were fair with fairest shapes  
Of Nixes that in reedy rivers roam,  
And those that haunt the billow-beaten capes,  
Flinging white arms around the flashing  
foam,  
And those that aim their music and their  
smiles  
At seamen shallop-borne past purple isles.

She sang of the strange flowers that ever  
thrust  
Their blooms up towards the heaven they  
ne'er behold,  
And caves where pearls lie prodigal as dust,  
And spars of veering violet and gold,  
And constant shells that evermore retain  
The moody music of the murmuring main.

The glowing woof of her bright songs portrayed  
Great Neptune awful in the majesty  
Of his vast amber palace, pearl-inlaid,  
Domed with that mighty emerald, the  
sea ;  
Or shining on his kingdoms like a star,  
As brine-born coursers snorted in his car.

MELUSINA

Also she chanted of the faëry pride  
Of Amphitrite rising on the sea,  
When moonbeams kiss it, and the mounting  
tide  
Wantons beneath the argent luxury.  
On dolphins' backs the harping Nymphs are  
borne,  
The Tritons swim, and blow upon the horn.

Nor did she shun to tell of those who kiss  
The wandering corpse, and bear it to the  
caves  
Lonely and deep, where tempest never is,  
Nor any passion in the quiet waves ;  
But sweet low ripples stir with languid  
tone,  
And with their voice the spirit blends her  
own :—

‘ Sleep, chilly form, and evermore forget  
If thou hadst any wife or children dear,  
Or friendly cheek that haply may be wet,  
Or eyelash silvered with a growing tear ;  
Soothed to a dumb unalterable rest,  
With quiet folded round thee like a vest.

MELUSINA

‘The savage wind that vexed thee with its  
strife,

The treacherous wave that rose and  
whelmed thy prow—

How gladly would they lay their troubled life

Adown, and rest them here, and be as thou!

Repose for years untold they roam to find,

And still are weary wave and weary wind.’

As one who with a buried lover’s ghost

Walks, while the white moon wanders up  
the sky,

And in the shadowy kisses joys almost

As much as though the living Love were by,

Her yearning spirit did she half appease

With such vague dreams and dim remem-  
brances.

EVEN-STAR

EVEN-STAR

FIRST-BORN and final relic of the night,  
I dwell aloof in dim immensity ;  
The grey sky sparkles with my fairy light ;  
I mix among the dancers of the sea ;  
Yet stoop not from the throne I must retain  
High o'er the silver sources of the rain.

Vicissitude I know not, nor can know,  
Yet much discern strewed everywhere  
around ;  
The ever-stirring race of men below  
Much do I watch, and wish I were not  
bound  
The chainless captive of this lonely spot,  
Where light-winged Mutability is not.

I see great cities rise, which being hoar  
Are slowly rendered unto dust again ;  
And roaring billows preying on the shore ;  
And virgin isles ascending from the main ;

EVEN-STAR

The passing wave of the perpetual river ;  
And men depart, and man remaining ever.

The upturned eyes of many a mortal maid  
Gloss me in gathering tears, soon kissed  
away ;

Then walks she for a space, and then is laid  
Swelling the bosom of the quiet clay.

I muse what this all-kindling Love may be,  
And what this Death that never comes to me.

## SICILIAN OCTAVES

## SICILIAN OCTAVES

### I

*The Sicilian Octave described and exemplified.*

To thee, fair isle, Italia's satellite,  
Italian harps their native measures lend ;  
Yet, wooing sweet diversity, not quite  
Thy octaves with Italia's octave blend ;  
Six streaming lines amass the arrowy might  
In hers, one cataract couplet doth expend ;  
Thine lakewise widens, level in the light,  
And like to its beginning is its end.

### II

The blade, unbuckled from the warrior's side,  
Hath oft-times fought against its former  
lord ;  
And oft the eagle's blood an arrow dyed,  
Plumed from the very wing wherewith he  
soared ;

### SICILIAN OCTAVES

And oft, to have on other hearts relied,  
The heart has late and bitterly deplored ;  
But I will make my constancy my pride,  
And worship aye where I have once adored.

### III

As when a prophet rapt unto the skies,  
Remanded then to earth, for pledge doth  
claim  
Some leaf new plucked from groves of  
Paradise,  
Or gem imbued with no terrestrial flame,  
Lest, when at length the disenchanted eyes  
Ope on the wonted world, his heart grow  
tame  
And sceptic of its own high histories ;  
Thus only doth the Poet covet Fame.

### IV

Spring's ravished blossoms garment not the  
blast ;  
Not for its wrecks doth Ocean statelier roll ;  
The Roman glutton's nightingale repast  
Did ne'er one lip to melody control ;

SICILIAN OCTAVES

Thou wilt not, moth, be Psyche at the last  
For fretting Beauty's silk and Learning's  
scroll;  
But what is so unprofitably cast  
As lovely form around a loveless soul ?

V

The mightiest sea its times of ebbing knows ;  
The purest flame hath smoke and ashes wan ;  
The butterfly a reptile's youth ; the rose  
An earthy root ; a heavy flight the swan ;  
The sabre is not all an edge ; nor grows  
The almond with the almond-bloom ; upon  
Damascus in her orchards frown the snows  
Indissolubly heaped on Lebanon.

VI

Philosophy, first of God-given things,  
How vain his thought whoever would  
contrive  
To blend thy lamp-oil with Castalian springs,  
And make Minerva with Apollo wive !  
Glad carols who spontaneously sings  
Seeks not their school who meditate and  
strive ;  
Which were as though the rose should put  
on wings,  
And go to gather sweetness at the hive.



## SICILIAN OCTAVES

### VII

'Tis heaven to learn thy lot no longer crost ;  
'Tis hell to know it raised o'er mine so far ;  
If the sweet fellowship of fate be lost,  
Not all the Gods can keep us as we are ;  
If they in sooth can stay the spirit's frost,  
Then welcome jealousy, and ire, and jar ;  
Better Love's bark on desperate billows tost  
Than sailing safely by another's star.

### VIII

To thee 'tis pleasure, haply, to have brought  
Home costly ware from Ormus or Japan ;  
And thine, when long and keen pursuit has  
caught  
Strange bird, or Psyche gay with veinèd  
fan ;  
And thine, to spell some sentence, wisdom-  
fraught,  
In palimpsest or Arab alcoran ;  
And mine, to seize some rare and coloured  
thought,  
And cage it in my verse Sicilian.

THE BROKEN EGG

THE BROKEN EGG

(PORTUGUESE LEGEND)

A FARMER tilled his plot 'mid waste and wild ;  
One daughter dwelt with him, his only child ;  
And one man-servant did he entertain.

It fortune'd on a day of wind and rain  
A stranger lighted down his door beside,  
And entered, and entreated for a guide :  
'For I,' he urged, 'come hither from Brazil,  
Bearing great store of gold, and it were ill  
To chance on robbers in this solitude.'

'Give,' quoth the churl, not proffering  
drink or food,  
'And this my hind shall help thee to thy way.'

And so it was, but when at close of day  
The knave returned, he rode the stranger's  
horse,  
And, 'Master,' said he, 'let us two discourse,  
For I have somewhat for thy private ear.'

THE BROKEN EGG

‘I hearken, speak.’

‘Thy daughter I hold dear,  
And, an thou wilt, to marry her am fain.’

‘Varlet, what drunkenness hath crazed thy  
brain ?

By Heaven ! but thou shouldst taste of whip  
and thong,  
Hadst thou not served me faithfully and long.’

‘Dear master,’ said the servant, ‘not so  
hot ;

For know that in a solitary spot  
I fell upon thy guest, and smote him dead,  
And in the forest he lies burièd,  
And mine is every ingot and doubloon.’

‘Ha!’ quoth his lord, ‘that chimes another  
tune :

My daughter’s troth is thine, thou good  
young man ;

Yet must thou go where this American  
Thou hast disposed of, in the ground is laid,  
And thrice and four times call upon his shade,  
And ask of it what interval may be  
Ere vengeance for this blood shall visit thee.’

## THE BROKEN EGG

All joyous to the spot the murderer hied,  
And as his lord commanded him he cried,  
And shivered as there smote upon his ears  
The sepulchre's deep answer, 'Thirty years.'

'Good,' spake the sire, 'my daughter thou  
may'st wed,  
For ere the thirty years I shall be dead.'

Yet lived he on, and when the thirty years  
Were all accomplished, came two wanderers ;  
And he, with unaccustomed kindness, said,  
'Let them come in and sup, and have a bed.'

They entered then, but with a careless gait  
Striding, one fellow kicked against a crate  
Of country-stuff upon the floor, and broke  
An egg. And when he saw the running yolk  
That ancient sire began to rail and swear.

'Sir,' said the tramp, 'make not this thing  
a care,  
For though I roam the country-side and beg,  
Yet certes I can pay you for an egg.'

'Pish for the egg,' he said, 'but well I see  
That Fortune's wheel is turning back with  
me.

## THE BROKEN EGG

'Tis thirty years I gave my child her spouse,  
And since have I inhabited this house  
In plenty, with my daughter and my son ;  
These thirty years no deed of mercy done ;  
These thirty years known no minutest cross,  
This shattered egg my solitary loss ;  
And now I harbour him who comes to beg,  
And presently am poorer by an egg.'

Yet had the men their supper and their bed,  
And when the house was still, one whispering  
said,  
'Art thou asleep ?'

'Asleep ! In faith not I.  
I am not brave enough to shut an eye  
Where thirty years no kindness hath been  
shown,  
Or any grief or spite of fortune known,  
Save for a broken egg. Upon the sand  
This house is builded, and it will not stand.'

'Too late another lodging-place to try.'

'No matter, let us sleep beneath the sky ;  
*That* will not fall upon our heads.'

So they  
Stole forth, and in the open country lay.

### THE BROKEN EGG

An old wall sheltered them, as best it might.  
They slept, but soon upstarted in affright.  
With one loud ruin all the country rung ;  
Trembling, each closer to his fellow clung,  
Till, scarce emboldened by the breaking day,  
Fearful and eager they bent back their way  
To mark the manner of that mansion's fall ;  
But earth had swallowed and devoured it all.  
Inmates and house had gone into the pit,  
And nothing more was seen of them or it.

THE ISLAND OF SHADOWS

THE ISLAND OF SHADOWS

YES, Cara mine, I know that I shall stand  
    Upon the seashore soon,  
And watch the waves that die upon the  
    strand,  
And the immortal moon.

One mew will hover 'mid the drowsy damp  
    That clogs the breezes there,  
One star suspend her solitary lamp,  
    High in the viewless air.

My straining eyes will mark a distant oar,  
    Grazing the supple sea,  
And a light pinnace speeding to the shore,  
    And in it thou wilt be.

The empty veins with life no more are warm,  
    The eyes no longer shine,  
The pale star gazes through the pallid form,  
    What matter? thou art mine.

THE ISLAND OF SHADOWS

The Love which, while it walked the earth,  
could meet

No place to lay its head,  
Now reigns unchallenged in the winding-  
sheet,  
Nor fears its kindred dead.

For Love dwells with the dead, though more  
sedate,  
Chastened, and mild it seems ;  
While Avarice, Envy, Jealousy, and Hate,  
With them are only dreams.

I step into the boat, our steady prore  
Furrows the still moonlight ;  
The sea is merry with our plashing oar,  
With our quick rudder white.

No word has passed thy lips, but yet I know  
Well where our course will be ;  
We leave the worn-out world—is it not so ?—  
The uncorrupted sea

To cross, and gain some isle in whose sweet  
shade  
Even Slavery is free ;  
And careless Care on smoothest rose-leaves laid  
Becomes Tranquillity.



THE ISLAND OF SHADOWS

Far, far the haunts where, robed in gory  
weeds,  
Grim War his court doth hold,  
And mumbling Superstition counts his beads,  
And Avarice his gold.

But Love and Death, the comrades and the  
twins,  
Uninterrupted reign ;  
Where is it that one ends and one begins ?  
And are they one or twain ?

And all is like thy soul, pensive and fair,  
Veiled in a shadowy dress,  
And strewn with gems more rich were they  
more rare,  
And steeped in balminess.

No drossy shape of earthliness appears  
On the phantastic coast,  
No grosser sound strikes the attuned ears,  
Than footfall of a ghost.

Seclusion, quiet, silence, slumber, dreams,  
No murmur of a breath ;  
The same still image on the same still streams,  
Of Love caressing Death.

THE ISLAND OF SHADOWS

So let us hasten, Love ! Our steady prore  
Furrows the still moonlight ;  
The sea is merry with our plashing oar,  
With our quick rudder white.

MORE

MORE

TO-DAY I am a beggar poor,  
And pitiful to see,  
And take my staff across the moor,  
And come, dear heart, to thee,

And knock at thy belovèd door,—  
What wilt thou give to me?  
Take of the shining silver—more  
I cannot give to thee.

Of paltry silver, pale and poor,  
Give not, my Love, to me.  
See, here is gold, a little store,  
Yet will I give to thee.

'Twas not the ruddy gold could bring  
Me praying to thy door.  
Take then this little true-love ring,  
And ask me for no more.

Fair is the dainty golden band,  
And yet must I implore.  
Then with the ring behold the hand;  
How can I give thee more?

BY TROPIC SHORES

BY TROPIC SHORES

By tropic shores the swallow sits,  
Or with uneasy wing  
From headland unto headland flits,  
And chides the lagging Spring.

Stream forth, thou warm south-west, and  
waft  
Us quickening breath anew,  
And soon the bird, a feathery shaft,  
Shall gleam in English blue.

For greenness waits the barren grove,  
For warmth his sunny song  
The lark delays, I mine for love.  
How long, O Love, how long ?

THE LOST POETRY OF SAPPHO

TIME, I know, is ruler, and Change almighty ;  
Youths become the old, and the aged corpses,  
Corpses worms, worms dust, and the Mausoleum's  
Self a tradition.

Be this thought but thought, and a pallor  
blanches  
Bridal cheeks, and kisses of fire are frozen,  
Swiftest blood is stayed, and alone thou  
smilest  
Blithe and undaunted,

Who, secluse, a serious priest of Pallas,  
Daily, nightly, patient accumulatest  
Lore on lore, with gradual toil perfecting  
Knowledge to wisdom.

Or who, holy, chapleted, Art's disciple,  
Rapt in earthless glow and aspiring, ever,  
Building, limning, sculpturing, singing, god-  
like  
Beauty begettest.

THE LOST POETRY OF SAPPHO

Pomp and state to billowy corn I liken,  
Random-sown, and reaped in its golden  
season,  
Youth to roses,—are ye not, Art and Wisdom,  
Laurel and ivy?

Thus I spoke in fervour, insanely deeming  
Blunt the scythe of Time, and his glass re-  
tarded,  
When, scarce breathed, stole sorrowful accents,  
‘ Say then,  
Are we remembered?

We who erst, fleet-winged with desire  
ecstatic,  
Fled the lips, and over the soul of Sappho  
Hung sublime, loud larks in the blaze of  
æther  
Panting and pouring

Fiery-hearted strains, which, as eyes of eagles  
Gaze alone on noonday intenseness, only  
Gods might hear serene, nor be rapt and rave  
with  
Frenzy delicious.

THE LOST POETRY OF SAPPHO

Tell us where—thou canst not!—a youth,  
a maiden

Plumes the eager lip with our lyric pinions.  
Cry the hearts aloud in our grasp, like swallows  
Snatched by the falcon?

Dead the lark of Lesbos, the swan of Leucas,  
Chill disurnèd Helicon's fountain chanteth  
Song of ours no more, neither do the planes of  
Attica hear us.

Scrolless, Museless, bodiless, lyreless, lipless,  
Empty shade are we, and an idle rumour,  
Rich Oblivion's trophy—How then call'st  
Art and  
Beauty immortal?'

Voices dear, I pray ye by Hippocrene,  
By the cliffs, the vines, and the rills of Lesbos,  
By this heart's vibration I pray ye, spare my  
Beautiful vision,

Spare my one poor raft in a world of waters!  
Changed, not silent I deem ye yet, the ample  
Earth your home, not scrolls, and the voice  
of Nature's  
Self your expression.

THE LOST POETRY OF SAPPHO

When, each wave a separate leap of brightness,  
Glitters far-spread Ocean, or roaring renders  
Thunder dumb, or strays with a sweet en-  
croachment

Over the beaches :

When the tune of winds, and the bird's  
recital

Blend in vale, in thicket—O let me deem  
then

Birds and winds thy harps, and that Ocean  
peals thy

Harmony, Sappho.



THE FRIEND OF GREECE

βασιλεως μεγάλου Ἀρσακου φιλελληνος.

*Inscription on a Parthian coin.*

THE friend of Greece ! Fair fall the mould  
That veiled thy stater's glittering  
So long, to gleam forth now and hold  
Our bosoms linked with thine, thou old  
Barbaric king !

A thousand thousand such thy mint  
Hath fashioned. In thy treasury  
The classic stamp and splendid tint  
Didst scan well-pleased, without a hint  
That one should be

The last retirement of thy name,  
Who didst a despot-law enjoin  
On slaves, the knee once bowed so tame  
Thy equal now, and all thy fame  
This little coin ?

THE FRIEND OF GREECE

Did Ormus bend to thee, and they  
Of Colchis ? Did thy arrow strike  
The Indian, owned the Scyth thy sway ?  
We nought can know, and careless say,  
    'Tis very like.

This only know we, did thine blaze  
A conqueror's sword, or not, 'tis rust !  
If ever hosts, to win thee praise,  
Contended, then their feet did raise  
    More lasting dust.

So far apart thy race was run,  
Thy very shade half seems to be  
The spectre of another sun,  
But Greece ! the word is union  
    For us and thee.

The friend of Greece ! Then friend wert thou  
To sacred Art and all her train,  
The marble life, the Picture's glow,  
And Music and the overflow  
    Of lyric strain.

The friend of Greece ! Then where of old  
Anarchic Licence charioteered  
Curbless, and famished Rapine rolled  
Forth hordes athirst for blood and gold,  
    Thou wouldst have reared

THE FRIEND OF GREECE

The Muse and Pallas shrines secure,  
Made Themis awful in her hall,  
And life a boon God-worthy, sure,  
Exalted, comely, cheerful, pure,  
And rhythmical.

The friend of Greece ! Fate should have let  
Thee breathe ere yet a Greek could blush  
For aught but love or anger ! Set  
Her sun for thee ! though lingering yet  
A heavenly flush.

Yes ! beautiful before thee lay  
Inanimate Antiquity.  
Too late for life, yet for decay  
Too soon, thou viewedst her. We have clay  
And memory !

And lips which haply, do we wend  
Mid the cold tombs of grace antique,  
May with Hellenic accents blend  
Thy Parthian name, and call thee friend,  
Friend of the Greek !

UNBLEST, DISCOMFORTABLE THING

UNBLEST, DISCOMFORTABLE  
THING

UNBLEST, discomfortable thing,  
Bowed languid shape of slow-eyed Grief,  
Why com'st thou hand in hand with Spring,  
Not sere with Autumn's pining leaf?

If there were dimness in the green,  
And dankness in the clammy mould,  
And silence where the birds had been,  
And in the air a subtle cold,

And paleness in the mid-day beams :  
If the low clouds had rents and gaps  
Torn by sharp winds, and misty steams  
Concealed the river's silver lapse,

Then might I confidently meet  
Nature abroad, nor need to sue,  
But with my heart her heart would greet,  
And we should talk as kindred do.

UNBLEST, DISCOMFORTABLE THING

For Grief beside the mirror grows  
Still and milder more and more ;  
And Comfort is of wedded woes  
The offspring and inheritor.

But will she hear complaint of mine  
To whom her birds are singing all,  
Whose April tears in sunburst shine  
An instant, dry before they fall ?

Ye streams for wintry ice more deep,  
Ye hanging fields of heavenly blue,  
Ye birds that build, ye lambs that leap,  
O what has Grief to do with you ?

## RONDEL

## RONDEL

WHEN lingering Love belated came,  
And found the willing spirit young,  
Day's heaven was all an airy flame,  
To skies of Night a sunshine clung,  
O'er wild and waste a charm was flung.  
Earth was not earth, or sea the same  
When lingering Love belated came,  
And found the willing spirit young.

And now, though fires of Love be tame,  
And songs of Love no more be sung,  
Be patient, heart, nor idly blame  
The lip unkissed, the lyre unstrung.  
Lingering he went who lingering came,  
And left the soul for ever young.

## NAUSICAA

### NAUSICAA

COME, thou old seaman, in my father's ships  
Nurtured and blanched, come, take me to the  
    beach,  
And, while the white town slumbers in the  
    moon,  
Teach me the rudder's governance, and sail's,  
And all the dexterous usage of the oar.

For all my heart is with the oars and sails,  
And whatsoever stirreth in the deep,  
Vessel or fish, or wing of dipping bird,  
Or drifted weed, and most of all itself,  
The lone vast deep, the lone lamenting deep,  
Wherewith no man abideth but the dead ;  
Therefore it moans, as one itself divides  
With desolate surge forlornly from his love.

Thus moaning for my love to comfort me  
(My love, ah ! I not his, hence all the pang !),—  
I stray amid these orchards, like a blast

NAUSICAA

Upbraiding all the mellow opulence  
Of purple-draped Opora. Through the  
bowers

Rings many a blithesome challenge, and anon,  
The ball's fleet bound attains my foot, there  
rests ;

While to the strained ear cleaves the inbended  
hand,

And feeds it with far music from the sea.

I cannot bear this evil any more,  
Teach me, again I pray, the art that comes  
Of wrestling with the lithe Protean sea.  
Then, some night, while these cliffs and  
feathery trees

Spread the deep bay with shadow, ere the moon  
Surmounts them with her lamp, I will be  
here,

Stand at the boat's prow, hallow the salt wave  
With sacrifice, then with a timorous oar  
Wrinkling the liquid darkness, urge myself  
Out on the bitter waste of death that hems  
My little isle of life, look where I may.  
For of three things the one, either I find  
My Ithacan, my royal mariner,  
Safe sceptred with the grey Penelope ;  
Then will I sue and serve her, spinning out



NAUSICAA

My heartstrings with her wool, until I die.  
Or haply he has perished, and I crowd  
Long anguish into momentary death.  
Or liker, veers the blast, fills the frail bark,  
And o'er it mourns the sorrow of the sea.

THE FAIR CIRCASSIAN

FORTY Viziers saw I go  
Up to the Seraglio,  
Burning, each and every man,  
For the fair Circassian.

Ere the morn had disappeared,  
Every Vizier wore a beard ;  
Ere the afternoon was born,  
Every Vizier came back shorn.

‘ Let the man that woos to win  
Woo with an unhairy chin ; ’  
Thus she said, and as she bid  
Each devoted Vizier did.

From the beards a cord she made  
Looped it to the balustrade,  
Glided down and went away  
To her own Circassia.

THE FAIR CIRCASSIAN

When the Sultan heard, waxed he  
Somewhat wroth, and presently  
In the noose themselves did lend  
Every Vizier did suspend.

Sages all, this rhyme who read,  
Guard your beards with prudent heed,  
And beware the wily plans  
Of the fair Circassians.

UNDER THE COCOA

UNDER THE COCOA

IN palaces and peopled marts  
I mingled where the many press ;  
I proved and weighed the hollow hearts,  
And all was waste and emptiness.

I broke the peremptory bars,  
I steered where blue Pacific smiles,  
Lifting a languid wave, and stars  
Vast deeps with constellated isles.

I watched my boat consume, moored high,  
With gushing sparks and quivering heat ;  
My eye beheld another's eye,  
Against my heart another beat.

The white foam boiled along the reef,  
The moon was mated with a cloud,  
The palm-tree streaked with shadowy leaf  
That dusky maiden singing loud :—

‘ I asked Atua what to do  
With the strange pair from o’er the sea,  
The strange man and the strange canoe,  
And thus the God has counselled me.’

A PERSIAN'S THOUGHT

ASTRONOMER, O tell me why  
Yon stars that throb in upper sky,  
And with such fires its vault begem,  
As though one torch had kindled them—

Why do they, trembling, pale in air,  
Humble as though abased in prayer,  
When far from Dawn the Dusk is driven,  
Or moonlight floods nocturnal heaven ?

'Tis that their spirits recognise  
In Sun and Moon their deities,  
The shining ideality  
Of all they would and may not be.

MY BLOOD IS WARM

MY BLOOD IS WARM

My blood is warm and I would be blithe,  
But I hear pale Death whetting his scythe ;  
He whets his scythe and whirls it round,  
Cutting the flowers from the coloured ground.  
The beautiful flowers ! how fast they fall !  
And the fairest and freshest are first of all.

And I am pale, paler than he,  
For my mind misdoubts he has cut down thee,  
Thou loveliest flower not seen but known,  
Planted and nurtured for me alone  
On some far bank where one might lie  
Touching the blue-bells tenderly.  
Thy image groweth and bloweth still  
In the deep soul invisible.  
But I search the wind that wandereth  
Lest it be sweet with thy failing breath,  
And vex the bee with questioning,  
And hardly suffer the finch to sing,  
Lest she pipe on the grievous spot  
Where thou hast been, and art not.

ÆGISTHUS

WHAT ails the weak unhappy breeze  
 That ceaselessly it wanders on,  
 And sorrows like the soul that sees  
 An evil waiting to be done?  
 The shed leaf whirls, the tree is bowed,  
 Faint lines the lake's serenity mar,  
 And slowly falls a veil of cloud  
 On Heaven's solitary star.

The moon is buried far away,  
 No meteor flies with fiery trace  
 Past Night's slow car, nor any ray  
 Will fire thy pale resolved face.  
 Unveil! ere Morn's accusing flush  
 Smites splendour from the eastern sea—  
 Then, if the innocent heavens can blush,  
 O what a visage thine should be!

There are no ghosts—or all the dead  
 I ever loved were surely here  
 To snatch the slumberer from his bed,  
 To wrest the dagger from my fear.

ÆGISTHUS

His sleep is sound—would it were light !

O had his age a giant's stress !

Thou art my soul's insane delight,

O would thou wert my murderess !



A NOCTURN

A NOCTURN

KEEN winds of cloud and vaporous drift  
Disrobe yon star, as ghosts that lift  
A snowy curtain from its place,  
To scan a pillowed beauty's face.

They see her slumbering splendours lie  
Bedded on blue unfathomed sky,  
And swoon for love and deep delight,  
And stillness falls on all the night.

A LITTLE IDLE SONG

A LITTLE IDLE SONG

WITHIN my fancy floats  
A little idle song :  
O listen to the notes !  
They will not keep thee long.

I seek not to complain  
Of guile and banished peace ;  
Legitimate the strain,  
But O, when would it cease ?

I sing of happy fires,  
Of gladness and belief ;  
So short a bliss requires  
A melody as brief.

THE KELPIE AND THE  
WRECKER

THE pale and ancient moon is weeping  
Her cheek more pale on the wild night-sky,  
Like a hunted thing the gust comes leaping,  
Snatching a bough as it hurries by.

The fierce old ocean booms and hammers,  
And casts its spray to the sea-gull's lair :  
She shrieks in her dream, and the hoarse  
shrill clamours  
Of all drowned seamen cry with her.

The lighthouse brands the waves that, yelling,  
Start up red in the far-flung glow,  
But the hut above is the Wrecker's dwelling,  
The Kelpie bides in the cave below.

One night the flash of the Wrecker's pistol  
Shall kindle fire where fires betray,  
And the Kelpie flit to the dome of crystal,  
And blow the faithful light away.

THE KELPIE AND THE WRECKER

Woe to stout ship and seaman merry !

Woe to the maid with wondrous hair,  
Whose limbs the Kelpie's grot shall bury,  
Whose gems the Wrecker's wife shall wear !

## THE PHILTRE

### THE PHILTRE

WITCH-POWDER, glowing crimson in this  
crystal-shining flask,  
How wilt thou work my bidding, how give  
me what I ask?

When thou blushest in the ruby of the royal  
wine he drains,  
When thou speed'st a redder surging through  
the lab'rinth of his veins,

By what thrill of fiery impulse shall his  
passion be approved?  
What sign shall tell he loves me, even like  
as I have loved?

Will he rise up proud and burning with a  
burst of sudden light,  
Like the aloe robed and gorgeous with the  
magic of a night?

THE PHILTRE

Will he droop in pale declining, with tearful-  
ness opprest,  
Like the lily when the rain-pearl has stolen  
to her breast ?

Will he come to me securely, and kiss with-  
out a word ?  
Or the eye alone acknowledge how the silent  
heart is stirred ?

Will his bosom heave and stifle with a voice  
ununderstood ?  
Will he catch my hand and press it, till the  
snow is fire and blood ?

Blood is burned up, snow is melted, fire is  
billowing night and day—  
Pour thyself on me, Belovèd, quench me ere  
I burn away !

THE VIOLET TO THE  
NIGHTINGALE

No longer fair, no longer sweet,  
I parch and pine with noonday heat ;  
Another day, perhaps an hour,  
And I shall be no more a flower.

Thou, happy bird, when flowers decay,  
But spread'st thy pinions, and away,  
And India's palmy groves, ere long,  
Are loud with thy immortal song.

When with her soundless silver chain  
The moon has fettered mount and plain,  
And not a cloud her splendour mars,  
For she has kissed them all to stars :

When lissom fawn and antelope  
In covert dell, on cedared slope  
Couch, or with bounding feet disturb  
The dew asleep on every herb :

THE VIOLET TO THE NIGHTINGALE

When thousand lines of light invest  
The lotus trembling on the breast  
Of the great stream that seeks the sea,  
Then wilt thou sing. O, sing of me !

So shall the gorgeous flowers that swoon  
All languid 'neath that lavish moon  
Know, in thy sweet enchanted strain,  
Their sister of the English lane.

How, lured by Spring's soft-falling feet,  
She stole forth from her deep retreat,  
Her nurse wild March of boisterous breath,  
April her spouse, and May her death.

All day she made her upward eye  
The mirror of the azure sky,  
All night she slept in glittering dew,  
And dreamed her morning longings true.

Come back in Spring, then wilt thou see  
Some other flower in room of me ;  
And as to me, to her wilt sing  
Of thy long Eastern wandering.



A MELODY

A MELODY

THE snow falls fast upon the wave,  
And is no more.  
The silver swan glides o'er its grave  
Unheeding, and the wild fowl lave  
Their plumes along the shore.

The buoyant lily does not see  
The dead about  
About its roots, but silently  
Grows up in beauty, and the be  
Booms all around.

ELFIN FOLK

(ROUMANIAN)

‘SISTER, they say that in this dell  
The gamesome elfin-people dwell,  
And seize the maids that gathering stray,  
And pluck their strawberries away.

‘And furthermore ’tis credited  
They kiss their lips to ruby red.  
Why are thy lips so red? tell me,  
And where thy strawberries may be?’

‘Sister, our mother oft has told  
That elvish folk, alert and bold,  
Lurk in this darkling dell for hours  
To pounce on maids that come for flowers,

‘And spoil them merrily of these,  
And of their chains and necklaces—  
Where are thy flowers? I fain would know,  
And where thy string of pearls also?’

The maidens laugh, and look so sly!  
Down in the glen two youths I spy,—  
One strawberries holds, and one, more vain,  
Loops to his belt a pearly chain.

THE MERMAID OF PADSTOW

IT is long Tom Yeo of the town of Padstow,  
And he is a ne'er-do-weel :

‘ Ho, mates,’ cries he, ‘ rejoice with me,  
For I have shot a seal.’

Nay, Tom, by the mass thou art but an ass,  
No seal bestains this foam ;  
But the long wave rolls up a Mermaid’s glass  
And a young Mermaiden’s comb.

The sun has set, the night-clouds throng,  
The sea is steely grey.  
They hear the dying Mermaid’s song  
Peal from the outer bay.

‘ A curse with you go, ye men of Padstow !  
Ye shall not thrive or win,  
Ye have seen the last ship from your haven  
slip,  
And the last ship enter in.

THE MERMAID OF PADSTOW

‘For this deed I devote you to dwell without  
boat

By the skirt of the oarèd blue,  
And ever be passed by sail and by mast,  
And none with an errand for you.’

And scarce had she spoke when the black  
storm broke

With thunder and levin’s might :  
Three days did it blow, and none in Padstow  
Could tell the day from night.

Joy ! the far thunder mutters soft,  
The wild clouds whirl o’erhead,  
And from a ragged rift aloft  
A shaft of light is sped.

Now ho for him that waits to send  
The storm-bound bark to sea !  
And ho for them that hither bend  
To crowd our busy quay !

Hath Ocean, think ye then, not heard  
His dying child deplore ?  
Are not his sandy deeps upstirred,  
And thrust against the shore ?

THE MERMAID OF PADSTOW

Doth not a mighty ramp of sand  
    Beleaguer all the bay,  
Mocking the strength of mortal hand  
    To pierce or sweep away ?

The white-winged traders, all about,  
    Fare o'er that bar to win :  
But this one cries, I cannot out,  
    And that, I may not in.

For thy dire woe, forlorn Padstow,  
    What remedy may be ?  
Not all the brine of thy sad eyne  
    Will float thy ships to sea.

The sighs that from thy seamen pass  
    Might set a fleet a-sail,  
And the faces that look in the Mermaid's glass  
    Are as long as the Mermaid's tail.

## SEVEN DEVILS

### SEVEN DEVILS

ALAS for Adam's brittle clay  
And progeny of evils !  
O daughter mine, the people say  
That you have seven devils.  
Yes, holy father, such is the fact,  
Never was sinner so sorely attacked.  
Seven huge demons of habits erratic  
Range through my spirit from cellar to attic.  
They have got all the keys, they do just as  
they please. -  
They cry, 'Give us a back,' when I go on  
my knees.  
Now like leopards they leap, now like grey-  
hounds they run,  
Now sit mute as bears that are munching a  
bun,  
Whisking their tails and full of fun.  
Jolly companions every one.

SEVEN DEVILS

O daughter mine, this will not do !  
Daughter, this may not be !  
But how I'm to deliver you  
I don't exactly see.  
What rite, what relic, what prayer, what pang,  
Will scatter 'em or scare 'em ?  
Shall I curse them out of the Höllenzwang ?  
Or the Malleus Maleficarum ?  
Not either, good father. If cursing would  
do,  
I could curse them myself, and much better  
than you.

When Christ o'erthrew the demons' sway  
In Mary Magdalen,  
He chided not the fiends away,  
He led an angel in.  
The demons wax dull as her brightness  
prevails,  
They blink hard, they cover their eyes with  
their tails,  
They make for the door, they are heard of  
no more,  
Save one of them only, an obstinate bore,  
Who crept, or who crawled, back, and said,  
'I have called

SEVEN DEVILS

(Excuse, charming Angel, the freedom I take),  
For a parcel of brimstone left here by mistake.'

To save me from the demons' claws,  
O father, teach me how to love  
Some glad pursuit, some glorious cause,  
Some heart below, some hope above.  
Art, with her statue and her song,  
Science, with rapt regarding eye,  
The People, with its woe and wrong,  
Or anything that is not I.  
Else fracture not the fetter  
That binds me to demon and elf,  
For a fiendish mate is better  
Than man that is mate to himself.



THE HARPY AND THE PANDARIDE

THE HARPY AND THE  
PANDARIDE

THE HARPY

THE mead and honey, day by day  
By Gods brought for thy lips to touch,  
O princess, well bestowed were they,  
And they have profited thee much.

THE PANDARIDE

Not honey alone, nor only mead,  
But wisdom from the Gods was mine,  
O Harpy, thus I do not heed  
At all those bitter scoffs of thine.

What could the Gods do more than this?  
They shut their darlings in strong towers,  
Athene her craft-mistresses  
Made us, all Hera's boons were ours.

THE HARPY AND THE PANDARIDE

Yet ever in this glad estate

    This was the tale we heard them tell ;  
Gods are we, kind and fortunate ;  
    Death, Care, and Pain, are Gods as well.

We honour, as is just and meet,

    Their rightful sway, nor dare encroach,  
Though many a breaking heart entreat,  
    And many an upcast eye reproach.

This on our loved we may bestow

    Alone, to love us still, and bear,  
Even if the Erinnyes rend, although  
    The Harpy snatch them through the air.

## THE SIREN

### THE SIREN

WITH Hope and Enterprise, else all alone,  
All silent in our swan-beaked skiff sat we,  
Seven sailors dropping down a stream unknown,  
On a strange voyage towards an unknown sea.

The moon revealed her sitting on a stone,  
Veiled in white spray, entrancingly sang she :  
'O strive no longer towards the sea unknown,  
My grot your goal, my kiss your guerdon be.'

She melted into air—long days have flown,  
Yet moveless in our moveless bark sit we,  
And gaze for her return, and muse and moan,  
And think no more upon the unknown sea.

THE EVE OF THE GUILLOTINE

THE EVE OF THE GUILLOTINE

PAULINE, my heart's heart! come and lay  
Wet cheek to glowing cheek, and say  
Some kindly thing—the last you can!  
To-morrow, so the sentence ran,—  
Thursday at six! and now the ledge  
Of this thick sill has lost the edge  
Of the spent moon that made it bright,  
Methinks that even now new light  
Is kindling somewhere far behind  
These ancient barriers grey and blind.

What? not a word?

Pauline, nay, if  
We weltered in a lonely skiff  
On tropic waters red and gold  
With sunset-fire, and sharks, made bold,  
Swam round, wide gaping for their prey,  
Should we have nothing then to say?

## THE EVE OF THE GUILLOTINE

Might I not kiss you, dearest, lie  
Beside you, cloak you tenderly,  
Murmur out love, till on white wing  
Gathered the sea-birds clamouring  
Around two corpses ?

Dreams like this,  
Pauline, have made me ghastly bliss—  
O so long ! Well, I used to say,  
What marvel ? she is rich and gay,  
The world goes grandly with her, all  
Is gaudy and processional.  
What serve I ? O for half an hour  
Beside her in a blazing tower !  
A pestilence to wither both  
Slowly, that I might mark the growth  
Of Love in life's decay ! to be  
Alone with her in middle sea  
In a subsiding boat ! the stir  
And reek of maddened massacre !  
Pray heaven it take us in our youth !

Pauline, the dream is born a truth,  
But for the bliss, alas ! Look now,  
Round you, and candidly avow,  
Save for the breast you still reject,  
What have you ? Nothing ! We are wrecked  
On tiger-isles without a boat,

THE EVE OF THE GUILLOTINE

And glare and quarrel ! Did we float  
Wan corpses down the sullen Seine,  
Methinks your icy hand would fain  
Push mine away !

What, tears, Pauline ?

O dearest, now I see you mean  
To love me truly. In saloons  
You passed me as the lonely moon's  
Ascending light forsakes the star.  
But the blest axe has cleft the bar,  
Praise God ! Our blood will, falling, soak  
The self-same scaffold, rising smoke  
To Heaven in union. Kiss me, dear ;  
O tell me you have yet a fear,  
That I may soothe it ! Shall I die  
First, to instruct you ? Let us try.  
Suppose these chairs the plank, now lie  
Down, and my burning lip shall be  
The axe. Make ready ! One—two—three—  
Down comes it—in a kiss ! Delight !  
O clasp me ! closer and more tight !  
They will not part our clay ? 'Tis mad  
To think of it ; but if I had  
A brother hiding, doubtless I  
Should yield his refuge up, to buy  
The rapture of commingled dust.

THE EVE OF THE GUILLOTINE

Well, well, Pauline, we can but trust.  
What on ourselves depends, we'll do.  
They take us on by two and two  
Up to the scaffold—grasp my hand,  
As if it were a dagger, planned  
For Marat's throat—let no one slip  
Into our fiery fellowship—  
Watch my head fall, spring rapidly,  
And shower thy ruddy life on me !

## A CITY SONG

## A CITY SONG

A NIGHT of bustle and gas. I stand  
A lonely soul in the busy Strand—  
Stirring above, stirring below—  
Who all these people? Where do they go?

I know not; but, friends, were mine your  
part,

If, roaming about, you sought a heart,  
A gentle heart in a gentle breast,  
To cherish, and love you, and give you rest,

You would thrill and tremble with joy and  
pain,

You would stop, and wander, and stop again,  
And muse if the yearning exceed not the kiss,  
And if search be not sweeter than finding is.



## THE DIVER'S STORY

### THE DIVER'S STORY

TILL these grey mountains seemed a wayside  
heap,

And all their pluming pines a petty moss,  
I silently rowed onward, and did keep  
A steady path the mighty main across ;  
But then I loosed my bark, and left her free  
To dance her own glad measure with the sea,  
And, plunging as a plummet plunges, stood  
'Mid the sere purples of the barren wood  
Whose sapless boughs, in sullen beauty drest,  
Were never brightened by a spark of dew,  
Or heard a song, or cherished any nest,  
Or shook with any wind that ever blew.

Then as I wandered on that oozeless sand,  
Catching the sharp salt bubbles of the air,  
I heard a silver song, and saw the rare  
And tender form of soft Cymodoce  
Pressing a rock, more innocently fair

### THE DIVER'S STORY

Than feather shed by swan upon the sea,  
Or moonlight sleeping fearless on the foam  
Of hurrying falls. One marble-mocking hand  
Upheld the golden thicket of the hair  
Where one seemed lost, as with an amber  
comb

It parted shell-born pearls from pearls of  
brine ;

And, sea-blooms reddening all its deeps divine,  
Low at her helpless feet her mirror lay ;  
I seized the magic toy, and made it mine,  
And like a shaft dismissed I sped away.

Here you may see the prize, is it not gay ?  
Glowing with burnish of unspotted gold,  
Bordered with quaintest shells, and, day by day,  
Changeful in splendour as the waters bold  
Sway the rock-mantling weeds, or, backward  
rolled,  
Leave a salt glister on the glaring bay.

But when low, broad, and heavy in the west  
Hangs the departing moon, and Autumn cold  
Moans to her moaning waters, and the crest  
Of every mounting wave is rimmed with gold,  
There sounds a somewhat from the chiding  
seas,

### THE DIVER'S STORY

As if they heaved around an ancient wrong,  
And sad laments of spirits ill at ease  
Murmur and mourn our boat-lined beach  
    along ;  
And some day I will take the mirror down,  
And, rowing far from the steep-streeted town,  
Will hold it forth, until a whiter hand  
Rises to grasp it ; and Cymodoce,  
Pleased with the late repentance of the land,  
Hushes the doleful music of the sea.

## PHILEMON'S DEATH

### PHILEMON'S DEATH

MACEDON lay in arms round Athens, in  
Athens Philemon  
Dwelt, the poet beloved, whose years lacked  
one of a hundred.  
He, as he sat in his study at even, saw by  
the lamplight  
Figures nine, august, white-robed, passing  
out of the chamber.  
'Whither and wherefore,' exclaimed he,  
'Muses, forsaking your poet ?'  
'Lest,' they answered, 'staying we see the  
ruin of Athens.'  
'Reach me my tablets,' he cried ; the last  
verse of a drama unfinished  
Wrote he ; from the dead hands then fell  
both pencil and tablets.  
Free was Athens that night, in the morning  
Antigonus ruled her.  
Woe and alas for the land that the Muse and  
the Poet abandon !

## OUR CROCODILE

### OUR CROCODILE

OUR crocodile, (Psammarathis,  
A priest at Ombi, told me this,)  
Our crocodile is good and dear,  
And eats a damsel once a year.

To me unworthy hath he done  
This favour three times—one by one  
Three daughters ate ! I praise therefore  
And honour him for evermore.

Each Spring there is an exhibition  
Of maidens, and a competition.  
The baffled fair are blank and spiteful,  
The victor's triumph most delightful.

Three months secluded doth she dwell  
With the high pontiff in his cell,  
Due-worshipping each deity,  
And Venus more especially.

## OUR CROCODILE

Then, on an island in the Nile,  
They take her to our crocodile,  
He wags his tail, the great jaws stir,  
And make a happy end of her.

B a *bo* ! O you brainless child !  
(My fourth, sir,) dirty, rude, and wild !  
You 'll break my heart ! you 'll ne'er be  
    meet  
For any crocodile to eat !

ECHO AND NARCISSUS

MUSEST thou, gazer, what form is mine, who,  
eagerly bending

Forward, with hollowed hand aid the desire  
of the ear ?

Echo the Nymph's ; and, hast thou the eye  
of the poet, Narcissus

Stands not far, not far lures the perfidious  
stream.

Watching he stands with head down-drooped,  
as a whitening fountain

Gracefully leaving, with grace turning  
again to the earth.

Wan are the brow, the cheek, the lips that  
sundering murmur :—

‘ Beautiful image ! ’ and I, ‘ Beautiful  
image ! ’ reply.

ECHO AND NARCISSUS

Such my doom, whose mouth is vocal with  
alien accents ;

Blossoms so chime with the bee, so with  
the warbler the bough.

Hast thou a love ? then call on her name,  
and faithfully will I

Echo thy passionate speech, utterer thus  
of my own.



IN THE TRAIN.—MIDNIGHT

SWIFT speeds the vivid train, and throws  
Its jagged shadows down,  
Like dreams upon the deep repose  
Of tree, and cot, and town.

Blue soars the cloudless heaven aloft,  
And bluer than the sky,  
Bathed in dim moonlight strange and soft,  
The misty meadows lie.

I muse how earnestly on Aire  
This gentle moon will gaze,  
And how dark Chevin will be fair  
And pleasant in her rays.

And in her orb so brightly meek  
And yon fierce glow I find  
The image of the scenes I seek,  
And those I leave behind.

Fair Splendour, hasten as we will,  
Thy light will not remove,  
But I go far and further still  
From all I leave and love.

THE BIRTHDAY

THE BIRTHDAY

DECEMBER 19, 1861

(*Sestine*)

SLOW moves the vast procession of the days ;  
Some, black as night, or lit with gladsome sun,  
Well by the eye of voyager discerned  
Cast backward through long avenues of time ;  
Most in dim retrospect not more divined  
Than one mid myriad blades in distant fields.

Yet, mid dim crowds amassed in distant fields,  
Some day mid myriad inconspicuous days  
Commingled now, ere long to be divined,  
With gifts, deep sunken as the Nadir's sun,  
Hath peradventure, parting, trusted Time  
To cherish till their hour to be discerned.

Day of dear promise not by me discerned,  
Why cam'st thou bound amid the wintry fields  
To briefest span of sun-illumined time,  
Who longest, as most loved, should'st be of  
days?

Haply by summer's scent and song and sun  
The blessing thou didst bear had been divined.

## THE BIRTHDAY

O had heart's instinct immanent divined,  
Or eye's irradiating glance discerned !  
As spire or column, smit by shaft of sun,  
Flashes from far across the ample fields,  
Fair hadst thou sparkled mid uncheerful days,  
A diadem of light for wintry time.

But thou hast wended where the abyss of  
Time  
Stores the dead hours, not more by me divined  
Than any of the drear unfruitful days ;  
Till came thy child, and I in her discerned  
Light as of starry flowers in heavenly fields,  
In thee a light excelling summer's sun.

Child of mine too ! by whom December's sun  
Quenches refulgent orbs of summer-time,  
And hides with roses all the wintry fields.  
The Past hath held thee as a hope divined ;  
The Present clasps thee as a bliss discerned ;  
By thee the Future gilds her promised days.

Days by the dawn of an immortal sun  
Discerned, by ecstasy transcending Time  
Divined, while yet I walk these earthly fields.

## THE BLACKBIRD

### THE BLACKBIRD

BLACKBIRD, by whom the wood shall thrill  
With golden song from golden bill,  
What tune wilt trill? what thought instil?  
    Burden of grief or gush of glee?

Would the loud-ringing carol show  
That troth is froth, and passion woe;  
Alas! we know this long ago.  
    Choose thou another melody.

But see where Hesper, mellow-bright,  
Undoth the portal of the night;  
More lovely sight, more glowing light,  
    Opened of old all heaven to me.

Cometh she hitherward, more fair  
Than all far stars that flame in air?  
If joy so rare thy song declare,  
    Sing, Blackbird, sing unceasingly.

Earth could not more, or Heaven astound,  
Yet peal the hopeless hope around  
Till the sweet sound be falsehood found.  
    Then die, and Music die with thee.

## THE BALLAD OF THE BOAT

### THE BALLAD OF THE BOAT

THE stream was smooth as glass, we said :

‘ Arise and let ’s away ; ’

The Siren sang beside the boat that in the  
rushes lay ;

And spread the sail, and strong the oar, we  
gaily took our way.

When shall the sandy bar be crossed ? When  
shall we find the bay ?

The broadening flood swells slowly out o’er  
cattle-dotted plains,

The stream is strong and turbulent, and dark  
with heavy rains,

The labourer looks up to see our shallop  
speed away.

When shall the sandy bar be crossed ? When  
shall we find the bay ?

THE BALLAD OF THE BOAT

Now are the clouds like fiery shrouds ; the  
sun, superbly large,  
Slow as an oak to woodman's stroke sinks  
flaming at their marge.  
The waves are bright with mirrored light as  
jacinths on our way.  
When shall the sandy bar be crossed ? When  
shall we find the bay ?

The moon is high up in the sky, and now  
no more we see  
The spreading river's either bank, and surging  
distantly  
There booms a sullen thunder as of breakers  
far away.  
Now shall the sandy bar be crossed, now shall  
we find the bay !

The seagull shrieks high overhead, and dimly  
to our sight  
The moonlit crest of foaming waves gleam  
towering through the night.  
We'll steal upon the mermaid soon, and start  
her from her lay,  
When once the sandy bar is crossed, and we  
are in the bay.

## THE BALLAD OF THE BOAT

What rises white and awful as a shroud-  
enfolded ghost ?

What roar of rampant tumult bursts in  
clangour on the coast ?

Pull back ! pull back ! The raging flood  
sweeps every oar away.

O stream, is this thy bar of sand ? O boat,  
is this the bay ?

## THE GAT

### THE GATE

WHEN the slow Hours the Hour Supreme  
have brought,

Then, of its mortal garments disarrayed,  
Swift as a spark and subtle as a thought,  
Flits from the clay the unencumbered shade  
Unto the realm eternal, there to wait  
Gazing in awe by its tremendous Gate.

That arch discrepant half on life's quicksand,  
Half on the stable continent of Death  
Is founded, yet doth ever firmly stand,  
Daunting the phantom multitude beneath  
That, reflux, cold, and bitter as a sea,  
Eddies before it everlastingly.

For all is sightless gloom within the vast  
Expansion, and abysmal void unknown,  
And such vague horror o'er the chasm is cast  
No man may dare to enter it alone,  
Wherefore amid that multitude he roves,  
Searching its legions for the soul he loves :—



## THE GATE

One that shall say—Wherever thou dost go,  
There go I also, if thou sufferest me,  
Thy comrade, to each hap of joy or woe  
Indifferent, be it only shared with thee.  
Kiss but my lips and clasp in thine my hands,  
And let us go where that dread portal stands.

And scarcely, 'tis affirmed, six steps or seven,  
With equal feet and hearts that linkèd pair  
Have made, when gloom is quenched by  
sudden Heaven  
Flashed radiantly around them everywhere.  
But he who seeks no Love and craves no mate  
Watches for aye the unattempted gate.

Full many an erring child of want and sin,  
Spurned by the proud and shunned by the  
correct,  
Strong in sweet human love, hath entered in—  
The Pharisees, I hear, do much object.  
But how should Heaven the might of Love  
resist,  
In whom, by whom, for whom alone it  
doth subsist ?

## ALADDIN'S RING

### ALADDIN'S RING

A VAGUE thrill touched my breast, whence  
caught

I knew not, nor did heed ;  
The next day 'twas a ripened thought,  
The next it was a deed.

That deed another deed begot,  
That other deed a train  
Of busy thoughts, delaying not  
To gender deeds again.

O power of thought, Aladdin's ring !  
Touch only, and behold  
The active genii hurrying  
To fill the house with gold !

RAJAH AND RYOT

STRIPPED by the tax of all his scanty pice,  
Ryot seeks Rajah's pity and advice :  
'Your coffers store the product of my pains,  
And nought for your petitioner remains.  
Suffer him, then, whom more you cannot  
squeeze,  
To seek some lord whose vassals live at ease,  
And say, to whose allegiance shall I pass ?'  
'Go straight,' advised the monarch, 'to  
Madras.'  
'O sir, that land your brother's rule endures,  
And his financial principles are yours.'  
'To Tinnevely.' 'That your uncle sways.'  
'Tanjore.' 'Your nephew's government  
obeys.'  
'Then to the devil,' roared the king, 'repair.'  
'Alas, great sire, your royal father's there.'

## ABROAD

## ABROAD

FORESTS that beard the avalanche,  
Levels, empurpled slopes of vine,  
Wrecks, sadly gay with flower and branch,  
I love you, but you are not mine.

The sweet domestic sanctity  
Fades in this fiery sun, like dew ;  
My Love beheld and passed you by,  
My fathers shed no blood for you.

Pause, rambling clouds, while fancy fain  
Your white similitude doth trace  
To England's cliffs, so may your rain  
Fall blissful on your native place !

THE HIGHWAYMAN'S GHOST

TWELVE o'clock—a misty night—  
Glimpsing hints of buried light—  
Six years strung in an iron chain—  
Time I stood on the ground again !

So—by your leave ! Slip, easy enough,  
Withered wrists from the rusty cuff.  
The old chain rattles, the old wood groans,  
O the clatter of clacking bones !

Here I am, uncoated, unhatted,  
Shirt all mildewed, hair all matted,  
Sockets that each have royally  
Fed the crow with a precious eye.

O for slashing Bess the brown !  
Where, old lass, have they earthed thee down ?  
Sobb'st beneath a carrier's thong ?  
Strain'st a coalman's cart along ?

## THE HIGHWAYMAN'S GHOST

Shame to foot it !—must be so.  
See, the mists are smitten below ;  
Over the moorland, wide away,  
Moonshine pours her watery day.

There the long white-dusted track,  
There a crawling speck of black.  
The Northern mail, ha, ha ! and he  
There on the box is Anthony.

Coachman I scared him from brown to grey,  
Witness he lied my blood away.  
Haste, Fred ! haste, boy ! never fail !  
Now or never ! catch the mail !

The horses plunge, and sweating stop.  
Dead falls Tony, neck and crop.  
Nay, good guard, small profit thus,  
Shooting ghosts with a blunderbuss !

Crash wheel ! coach over ! How it rains  
Hampers, ladies, wigs, and canes !  
O the spoil ! to sack it and lock it !  
But, woe is me, I have never a pocket !

FADING-LEAF AND FALLEN-  
LEAF

SAID Fading-leaf to Fallen-leaf:—

‘ I toss alone on a forsaken tree,  
It rocks and cracks with every gust that racks  
Its straining bulk, say, how is it with thee ? ’

Said Fallen-leaf to Fading-leaf:—

‘ A heavy foot went by, an hour ago ;  
Crushed into clay I stain the way ;  
The loud wind calls me, and I cannot go. ’

Said Fading-leaf to Fallen-leaf:—

‘ Death lessons Life, a ghost is ever wise ;  
Teach me a way to live till May  
Laughs fair with fragrant lips and loving eyes. ’

Said Fallen-leaf to Fading-leaf:—

‘ Hast loved fair eyes and lips of gentle breath ?  
Fade then and fall—thou hast had all  
That Life can give, ask somewhat now of  
Death. ’

CONSTANCE

CONSTANCE

WILLED God to make  
Thee, love, a rose,  
Or with thy soul  
Inflame a star ;  
How should I quake  
When winds arose,  
When westering stole  
The planet far !

But no wild blast  
Disturbs thy heart,  
Thy spirit's flame  
Is bright alway,  
Troth ever fast ;  
To-day thou art  
The very same  
As yesterday.



CONSTANCE

Perennial prove  
Thy blossom sweet,  
Thy tender glow  
Undimmed, while I  
May live and love :—  
Then fade and fleet,  
And tell me so  
'Tis time to die.

## THE LYRICAL POEM

### THE LYRICAL POEM

PASSION the fathomless spring, and words the  
precipitate waters,  
Rhythm the bank that binds these to their  
musical bed.

### THE DIDACTIC POEM

SOULLESS, colourless strain, thy words are the  
words of wisdom.  
Is not a mule a mule, bear he a burden of  
gold?

THE VIZIER AND THE HORSE.

A SULTAN, hearing that a steed  
Unmatched in beauty, strength, and breed,  
In furthest Asia did subsist,  
Fearful the purchase might be missed,  
Resolved his Vizier to require  
To wend with Hassan, faithful squire,  
And close the bargain there and then.  
At first, so scribes of credit pen,  
Scatheless the high commission sped  
In quest of the rare quadruped ;  
Like Caesar vanquishing the East,  
They came, they saw, they bought the beast.

But, this achieved, with much disgust  
They found it still to be discussed  
How best to them it might befall  
To bring him home, or if at all,  
The natives of those parts excelling  
No less in stealing steeds than selling.  
Yet all went well with them the while,  
Till, at an inn of humble style

## THE VIZIER AND THE HORSE

The prudent minister perceives  
Sheer symptoms of a den of thieves.  
'Our desperate case,' decided he,  
'Demands as desperate remedy :  
Chamber and bed we will forego  
(Not missing much by doing so  
In this vile hovel), and, of course,  
Sleep on the straw, beside the horse.  
That is to say that *I* shall sleep,  
While, Hassan, thou strict watch wilt keep.  
Yet, as mortality is frail,  
And sleep's seductions might prevail,  
I charge thee, lest thou idly dream,  
To muse on some momentous theme,  
Such as Philosophy revolves  
From age to age, nor e'er resolves :—  
*Can it in any manner be*  
*Affirmed that two and two make three?*  
*Do geese their origin deduce*  
*From eggs? or comes the egg from goose?*  
Rapt in these studies, 'twill be odd  
If thou hast any mind to nod.'

He ceased, but soon awaking cried,  
'Hassan, how art thou occupied?'

'Sir,' said the man, 'I strive to find  
What is the colour of the wind.'

## THE VIZIER AND THE HORSE

‘A meet gymnastic for thy brain.’  
The Vizier thus, then slept again,  
But presently was heard to call,  
‘Ho, Hassan, ponderest thou at all?  
I trust to Allah ’tis the fact.’

‘Sir,’ answered he, ‘my brain is racked,  
Devising, if a hole immense  
Were dug, and earth, extracted thence,  
Employed to fill the monstrous main,  
How best to fill the hole again.’

‘Good,’ said the Vizier, ‘there is stuff  
For cogitation *quantum suff.*,  
And turned him, and contented slept,  
And quiet for a season kept,  
Till, stung by some uneasy dream,  
Starting, he cried, ‘Hast thou a theme,  
Hassan, and musest thou thereon?’

‘Sir,’ said the man, ‘the horse is gone!  
And now in sooth my brains I addle,  
Touching the bridle and the saddle,  
And patiently the problem probe,  
Whether your worship, meek as Job,  
Will bear them home, or I, poor elf,  
Shall have to carry them myself.’

MOKANNA'S VEIL

It chanced, 'tis sung, that when upon a day  
The veiled Mokanna mustered his array  
(The seer of Allah, whose inspiring words  
Bared for his creed four times ten thousand  
swords)

A man rose up against him, and thus said,  
'Prophet, undo that veil about thy head,  
And show us whose the face we combat for.'  
'No!' thus Mokanna. Then the doubter  
tore

The scarf himself, and, viewing the face  
behind,

Exclaimed triumphant, 'See, ye fools and  
blind,

The ape for whom ye fight!' when, turning  
round,

Lo! all his comrades stretched upon the  
ground,

Screening their eyesight from the radiancy  
Intolerable!

Believe, and thou shalt see.

THE NEW GRISELDA

‘WHO art thou, O Lady, laid under this  
stone?’

‘’Tis I, Patient Grissel, lie here.’

‘And lies your lord with you, or lie you alone?’

‘My Lord, sir, reposes elsewhere.’

‘His Lordship, I’m told, was as bad as could  
be.’

‘His sins were enormous, in sooth,  
But served to elicit a merit in me  
Sufficient, thank heaven, for both.

‘I viewed them with mild and compassionate  
eyes,

I lived but to warn and reclaim,  
I loved him until his lamented demise,  
And wept for him after the same.

THE NEW GRISELDA

‘No sympathy sought I, no aid in my woes,  
In silence my sorrow was borne,  
For I cherished his fame, and I shunned to  
expose  
His faults to the multitude’s scorn.

‘Earth to earth ! dust to dust ! Deem ye  
then I could deign  
To cast at his coffin the stone  
I had spared while he lived ? could I brand  
and profane  
The name I had linked with mine own ?

‘Was it mine to stand forth and securely  
affirm  
The scandal none lived to deny ?  
Should I utter my charge in the ear of the  
Worm,  
And challenge the Grave to reply ?

‘No ! ne’er could Griselda her spirit abase  
Such deeds to commit or commend.  
If such a transaction should haply take place,  
Impute it, I beg, to my friend.’



APOLLO IN TEMPE

APOLLO IN TEMPE

WHEN, exiled from the Olympian hall,  
Apollo kept thy flocks,  
Admetus, all the day and all  
The night-tide, plaintive, musical,  
He fluted to the rocks.

In troops the attentive birds sat round,  
And hungering wolves did press,  
Mild with the magic of the sound,  
'Mid fearless sheep, and many a browned  
Shepherd and shepherdess.

Till, on a day, supernal light  
Those umbrages illumes,  
And dark dells kindle and grow bright  
With unexpected Hermes' flight  
Earthward on glowing plumes.

APOLLO IN TEMPE

‘Brother,’ he cries, ‘thy penance o’er,  
Olympus seek again,  
Shine on our feasts as heretofore,  
Meter out the morning, and restore  
Thy Pythoness her strain.’

And, as the missioned god declares  
His grateful errand, fall  
Apollo’s weeds, a form he bares  
Raying with Deity, and wears  
A beamy coronal.

But awe and apprehension grew  
On all that pastoral throng.  
‘O spare us, for indeed we rue  
Our rash familiarness!’ ‘Ye do  
Immortal bosoms wrong.’

Smiling, the gentle Power replied,  
‘Fair children of the sods!  
If godlike ’twere to stand aside  
From human friendship, none but Pride  
And Folly would be Gods.’

POLYIDUS

O CASTALIAN Apollo, make me musically  
 tell  
 Of thy servant Polyidus, and what fortune  
 him befell.  
 Silent in his marble dungeon, round with  
 awful darkness closed,  
 Sat the seer, the head of Glaucus, lifeless, on  
 his knees reposed—  
 Glaucus, son of Minos, Creta ruling and all  
 Cyclades,  
 Tribute-gatherer, with his navies spreading  
 whiteness over seas.  
 When the boy was lost and vanished, far and  
 wide the father sought  
 For the soothsayer most skilful—straight was  
 Polyidus brought.  
 Thoughtfully the sage ascended where the  
 columned temple crowns

POLYIDUS

Gnossus' wave-worn headland, lifted high o'er  
    seas and isles and towns,  
Saw the gull in ether, twirling shining wings  
    with sea-baths wet,  
Saw the cormorant on the billow, on the  
    shore the avocet,  
And one brown-plumed eagle, coming fleetly  
    through the azure air,  
Till aloft o'er Minos' palace, then it stooped  
    and rested there.  
'Search these halls,' the seer commanded—  
    long they searched like men at fault ;  
Polyidus grasped a taper, down he went into  
    a vault ;  
There he saw an active people, burnished  
    body, glimmering wing,  
Bees in airy mazes blended with an ireful  
    murmuring ;  
Round a honey-cask they gathered, o'er that  
    cask an owl had place,  
Snapping beak and clutching talons warring  
    with the stingèd race.  
Bees and owl he scared, the lidless cask ex-  
    plored, and then saw he  
Glaucus, sweet 'mid sweets, in sweetness dead  
    and stifled bitterly.

POLYIDUS

Silent in a trance lethargic sat the miserable  
king,

Hearing not the warriors' weeping, not the  
women's cymballing :

Wild they flew with hair dishevelled, wild  
with faces torn they ran,

Crying : 'Woe for youthful Glaucus, dead a  
deedless, songless man !'

Slow at length the King awakened, royally  
gave he command :—

'Build a marble mausoleum, stately as in  
Memphian land.'

Swift his thought was overtaken, for the self-  
same sun that fell

Early on the young foundation, set behind  
the pinnacle.

There, within an inner chamber, prisoned he  
both son and seer ;

'Bring him back into existence, or thyself  
continue here.'

'King, thou doest ill, requiting good with  
injury.' But then

Clashed the unpersuaded portals, severing his  
complaint from men.

Sad the augur sat in darkness, loud and tear-  
fully he prayed :—

## POLYIDUS

‘Lord of Delphos and of Delos, Pythian,  
bring thy servant aid!’  
From the wall a snake came gliding, huge  
and terrible and loth,  
Bronzed its scales with fire and duskness,  
from its jaws flowed violet froth,  
And its eyes the cell illumined. Up to  
Glaucus, with dire hiss,  
Crept it, round his bosom coiling. Polyidus,  
seeing this,  
Grasped his augur-staff, snake-twisted—two  
great strokes, the serpent, slain,  
Lay upon the coloured pavement with snapped  
spine and scattered brain.  
Lo! another snake enormous! To that  
slaughtered one it went,  
Licked it, writhed itself around it, hissing  
forth its discontent.  
Threateningly did Polyidus raise his staff,  
but yet his blow  
Checked the augur mild and pious, reverencing  
that serpent’s woe ;  
So the snake departed, scatheless. Suddenly  
it came again,  
Straining on with horrid whistlings, in its  
jaws a leaf was lain.

POLYIDUS

Round its lifeless mate it twisted, laid the  
    chewed leaf upon it—  
Straight the outpoured brain was gathered,  
    straight the sundered spine reknit.  
'Live with giant wreaths resplendent, making  
    all the vault to shine,  
Rose that formidable dragon. 'Phœbus, the  
    portent is thine,'  
Cried the sage, and, forward bending, half  
    despair and half belief,  
Touched the lifeless youth's pale forehead  
    with the serpent-given leaf.  
Lo, the rigid nostril quivered, warmly ran  
    each thawing vein,  
Light the unglazing eye environed—Glaucus  
    stirred and spoke again.  
Talents ten of gold, of silver vases ten, a  
    lovely slave  
Bearing each, Sidonian curtains, Libyan  
    fleeces, Minos gave  
To the augur, for his guerdon. Thus re-  
    turned he to his friends,  
Blithe in triumph, rich and honoured. Such  
    the boons Apollo sends.

THE NIX

THE crafty Nix, more false than fair,  
Whose haunt in arrowy Iser lies,  
She envied me my golden hair,  
She envied me my azure eyes.

The moon with silvery ciphers traced  
The leaves, and on the waters played ;  
She rose, her arms my form embraced,  
She said : 'Come down with me, fair maid.'

She led me to her crystal grot,  
She set me in her coral chair,  
She waved her wand, and I had not  
Or azure eyes or golden hair.

Her locks of jet, her eyes of flame  
Were mine, and hers my semblance fair :  
'O make me, Nix, again the same,  
O give me back my golden hair !'

She smiles in scorn, she disappears,  
And here I sit and see no sun ;  
My eyes of fire are quenched in tears,  
And all my darksome locks undone.



MIORA

MIORA

(ROUMANIAN)

‘MIORA, dearest lamb of mine,  
Why wilt thou starve thyself and pine?  
These three long days thou dost not eat  
Or juicy grass or clover sweet.’

‘’Tis that thy friends, for greed and spite,  
Intend to murder thee this night,  
Dear master. O then fly away  
Into the wood.’ ‘Miora, nay.

‘But charge thou them to lay me by  
This wattled fold, where I may lie  
And hear my bleating lambs deplore,  
And true dogs barking evermore.

‘And on my grassy grave be laid  
The three fair flutes myself have made  
Of linden-wood, whose tones prevail  
Against the lark and nightingale.

MIORA

‘ In the sweet hollow flutes at eve  
The wind melodiously will grieve,  
And all my lambs will hear and think  
Of him who gave them food and drink.

‘ But if my mother come this way,  
Seeking for me, then must thou say,  
To a far country did he fare,  
And wed a monarch’s daughter there.’

## VIOLETS

## VIOLETS

COLD blows the wind against the hill,  
And cold upon the plain ;  
I sit me by the bank, until  
The violets come again.

Here sat we when the grass was set  
With violets shining through,  
And leafing branches spread a net  
To hold a sky of blue.

The trumpet clamoured from the plain,  
The cannon rent the sky ;  
I cried, O Love, come back again  
Before the violets die !

But they are dead upon the hill,  
And he upon the plain ;  
I sit me by the bank, until  
My violets come again.

## BEAUTY

## BEAUTY

CHERISHING Beauty, deep in thy heart of  
hearts

Folding her, Artist, call her not, dream her  
not

Thine. Are the sweet cold fires of moon-  
light

Lulled in a single lakelet's bosom?

Calm they glide with the river, the cataract  
Hurls down light with its thunder, the fisher-  
man

Wakes new glory on ocean, lifting  
Silvered nets and a gleaming burden.

FORTH TO THE WOODS

FORTH TO THE WOODS

FORTH to the woods I bent my way  
To delve a grave for Grief,  
As, banner of the brighter day,  
Spring waved her silken leaf.

But not on bank, or in the brake,  
Where sunlight fell, or shade,  
Found I who would my sorrow take,  
Or where she might be laid.

Now garbs of Spring make Winter's mirth  
As fast the sere leaves flee,  
And Grief hath room on all the earth ;  
Yet dwells she still with me.

## MUSIC

## MUSIC

SOFT as a flash of summer light,  
A thrill of music sweet  
Breathed somewhat in the ear of Night,  
And died along the street.

Grey Night, it said, from amorous tongue,  
From minstrel, and from bird,  
Since first thy heaven with stars was hung  
What carols thou hast heard !

If only we could call the ghost  
Of each forgotten strain !  
If all the silver-sounding host  
Made melody again !

If every song whose magic made  
Yon stars more deeply burn,  
Then fled and withered like a shade,  
Could like a shade return !

I who would bid the Lovely stay,  
I who would bind the Fair ;  
Even as I plead I pass away,  
And go I know not where.

SONNETS





TO DANTE

TO DANTE

‘PoET, whose unscarred feet have trodden  
Hell,

By what grim path and red environing

Of fire couldst thou that dauntless footstep  
bring

And plant it firm amid the dolorous cell

Of darkness where perpetually dwell

The spirits cursed beyond imagining?

Or else is thine a visionary wing,

And all thy terror but a tale to tell?’

‘Neither and both, thou seeker! I have been

No wilder path than thou thyself dost go,

Close masked in an impenetrable screen,

Which having rent I gaze around, and  
know

What tragic wastes of gloom, before unseen,

Curtain the soul that strives and sins below.’

AGE

I WILL not rail, or grieve when torpid eld  
 Frosts the slow-journeying blood, for I shall  
 see  
 The lovelier leaves hang yellow on the tree,  
 The nimbler brooks in icy fetters held.  
 Methinks the aged eye that first beheld  
 The fitful ravage of December wild,  
 Then knew himself indeed dear Nature's  
 child,  
 Seeing the common doom, that all compelled.  
 No kindred we to her belovèd broods,  
 If, dying these, we drew a selfish breath ;  
 But one path travel all her multitudes,  
 And none dispute the solemn Voice that  
 saith :  
 'Sun to thy setting ; to your autumn, woods ;  
 Stream to thy sea ; and man unto thy  
 death !'

ON REVISITING LICHFIELD  
CATHEDRAL

THE triple spire springs heavenward as of old ;  
The bordering limes stand touched by no  
decay  
Save Autumn's ; still the gathered people  
pray ;  
And ancient chants through ancient aisles are  
rolled.  
Yet hath not Time even here, his wings to  
fold,  
Paused ; the hoar fane is full of yesterday ;  
New blazonries dye sunlight ; new array  
Of kings and saints the storied niches hold.  
Pilgrim, that hither stealest to behold  
The spot of thy departure on Life's way,  
Clings a like garland to thy temples grey ?  
Is a like record of thy travel told ?  
Rich in the new, nor rifled of the old,  
Seek'st thou these precincts fortunate as  
they ?

*Sept. 23, 1887.*

SHADOWS BEFORE

WHAT vague enchantment fascinates my  
breast ?

What lure unseen decoys my steps along ?

What spell of utterance faint, of influence  
strong,

Persuades the soul to some sublimer quest ?

By what new rapture shall she be possest ?

Ennobled how amid the human throng ?

Darling of Fortune ? minister of Song ?

Or in Love's arms more exquisitely blest ?

Not with the augur's science have I spied

To scan what this fair mystery may mean :

Knowing what Spirit alway at my side

Hath stood through various life's dis-  
ordered scene,

Meekly I follow that divinest Guide,

Led by his hand as I have ever been.

THE SANDS OF TIME

CAMEST thou from the desert or the sea,  
Slow-raining sand, whose lapse of gleaming  
brown  
Stealeth the glassy horologe adown,  
Arraying Time with visibility ?  
Helpmate in either hath he had in thee,  
Tombing the pride of temple or of town,  
Or withering with salt waste the herbless  
down,  
As willed the varying wind's inconstancy.  
Thou, joyless load on earth for ever laid,  
Yet plaything of all breezes as they pass,  
Recordest here what thou depictest well :—  
The thing like thee of streaming atoms made,  
Singly a nothing, measureless in mass,  
Mutation all, and yet unalterable !

TO AMERICA

TO AMERICA

AFTER READING SOME UNGENEROUS  
CRITICISMS

WHAT though thy Muse the singer's art  
essay

With lip now over-loud, now over-low ?

'Tis but the augury that makes her so  
Of the high things she hath in charge to say.  
How shall the giantess of gold and clay,

Girt with two oceans, crowned with Arctic  
snow,

Sandalled with shining seas of Mexico,  
Be pared to trim proportion in a day?

Thou art too great ! Thy million-billowed  
surge

Of life bewilders speech, as shoreless sea  
Confounds the ranging eye from verge to verge  
With mazy strife or smooth immensity.

Not soon or easily shall thence emerge

A Homer or a Shakespeare worthy thee.

## GARIBALDI'S RETIREMENT

### GARIBALDI'S RETIREMENT

Not that three armies thou didst overthrow,  
Not that three cities oped their gates to  
thee,

I praise thee, Chief, not for *this* royalty  
Decked with new crowns, *that* utterly laid low:  
For nothing of all thou didst forsake to go  
And tend thy vines amid the Etrurian Sea,  
Not even that thou didst *this*—though  
history

Retread two thousand selfish years to show  
Another Cincinnatus! Rather for this,  
The having lived such life, that even this  
deed

Of stress heroic natural seems as is  
Calm night, when glorious day it doth  
succeed;

And we, forewarned by surest auguries,  
The amazing act with no amazement read.

1860.

BISMARCK AND MOLTKE

FIRE falters yet in the fatiguèd eyes :  
And now the slow blood stirs with sudden  
    leap,  
And angry thunder daunts the spies that  
    peep  
Exploring if the Lion lives or dies.  
But cold upon the sand his fellow lies,  
    The far-flung shadow of whose dawnless  
        sleep  
    The many-nationed world doth overcreep ;  
Not solely where Rhine's torrent seaward hies.  
Day darkens, and uneasy Night must wake  
    'Neath her blue vault, new sown with  
        baleful stars,  
And chains of Slav and Gaul spontaneous  
    shake ;  
    As anciently, at birth of Latin wars,  
Eager their appetite for blood to slake,  
    Rome's weapons rattled in the fane of Mars.

*April, 1891.*



BUNYAN AND SPINOZA

[AFTER DR. JOWETT'S SERMON]

TOGETHER, Prophets, have ye trodden earth,  
Happy that neither might the other know :  
Else what so huge as the Homeric flow  
Of the great Hebrew's rich compassionate  
mirth

At the great Tinker's frenzy? save the dearth  
Of Bunyan's charity for Heaven's foe,  
Spilth of the Patmian's seven-vialled woe,  
A living death ! an inauspicious birth !  
Now are the souls wrought of such diverse  
woof,

Twin sons and saints of God acknowledged,  
each  
Straight in his love and in his scorn awry.  
Truer, be sure, is Verity's own speech  
Affirmative, than thunder of reproof ;  
Truest, if listening Love stand smiling by.

1893.

AN OLD PERUVIAN BOOK

PRINTED AT A MISSION STATION IN THE  
ANDES, 1612

BOUGHT BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM

SCREENED in the shadows Cordilleras fling,  
Where straining breast scarce breathes, and  
straining eye

Sees nought 'twixt lifted sight and silent  
sky

Save the huge Condor hung on heavy wing :—  
Small skill, great love, there made me, light  
to bring

Where, sunk beneath the mountain far as I  
Had birth aloft, the Indian's misery  
Plied toil unblest for Europe's profiting.

The silver that his labour sunward drew  
Now buys me, haply, in this foreign mart  
Where Love and Skill and Labour bartered  
are,

And it and I have interchanged our part :  
Homeward it journeys to remote Peru,  
Leaving me here beneath the Northern  
Star.

A DOUBTFUL PROSPECT

A DOUBTFUL PROSPECT

Is then the haven of my heart so near ?  
Or doth illusive fancy bid me mark  
The cot embowered beside the ample park,  
To me by triple pledge made triply dear ?  
September's scale suspends the waning year ;  
With mists the heights are grey, the  
valleys dark ;  
The shrouded sun seems shrunken to a  
spark ;  
And distances in dimness disappear.  
Nor am I rightly ware what eyes survey,  
Not of this region a familiar ;  
Yet with the eye the heart hath taken way,  
Both overbrimmed ; and blessing from afar  
I call, and to the dubious inmates say,  
Be ye most fortunate, whoe'er ye are !

## JOY

## JOY

Joy is there made for all, transparent tide  
Of earth-embathing air, sun's general light,  
Sea, legioned stars, fields variously bright,  
And in a common country common pride :  
And joy to human multitudes denied,  
But solitary meed of soul of might,  
Pacing in lone content the silent height,  
Save by his own thought unaccompanied :  
Joy, too, not made for many or for one ;  
Flashing, as when the flying iron rings  
Sharp on smit stone beside the paven way,  
As Love to Love in exultation springs :  
As fades the star of morn in morning's sun,  
All rosiest rapture to such joy is grey.

SEA-PAGEANTRY

NOT now doth Triton blow his wreathèd  
     horn,  
     Reining his dolphin steed in mounting tide ;  
     Not now, emergent Nereids beside,  
 In pearly car is Amphitrite borne ;  
 Sea moans of ancient pageant all forlorn ;  
     Winds, clouds, and fowls of ocean com-  
     panied  
     Solely her recent severed from my side,  
 Bleeding with bonds of tenderness uptorn.  
 Methinks antique Poseidon and his train  
     Of scaly seeming, were terrene at heart,  
     From cove and bight irresolute to stray ;  
 And now that man hath sounded every main,  
     In fear and jealousy they move apart,  
     Perceiving he hath grown more great than  
     they.

THE TAPER

THIS little light is not a little sign  
Of duteous service innocent of blame,  
Contented with obscurity till came  
Mandate that as a star her beam should shine.  
On sickness did she wait, or scribe, or shrine,  
The law of her beneficence the same,  
Somewhat to sunder from her fragile frame,  
Something of her own being to resign.  
So wasted now, that, let the lustre be  
Resummoned but once more, the fuel dies ;  
Yet virtues six adorn her brevity,  
Singly too seldom met of mortal eyes ;  
Discretion, faithfulness, frugality,  
Purity, vigilance, self-sacrifice.

## SONGS OF SION

## SONGS OF SION

MY harp upon the willows is not hung ;  
Else had I anguish, dreading to forget  
The melody that soundeth sweetly yet,  
Albeit in idle hearing idly sung.  
Soul, if thou skillest aught of Sion's tongue,  
The more thou chide at Babylon's vain fret,  
The more thou Salem's strain must rebeget,  
For Sion lives where Sion's lyre is strung.  
To willowed brook or transitory breeze  
Trust nothing ; not on such impends the  
weight  
Of duty on thyself divinely bound ;  
Thy Mother's songs, of old thy lullabies,  
Not only to revere but renovate,  
Not only to remember but resound.

THE SONNET-CONCERT

SONNET, not darling of one Muse alone,  
Not to a single art did Art enchain  
Thee, miniature of Poetry's domain ;  
Song, Dance, and Music woo thee for their  
own.

First is the majesty of Music shown,  
Reverberate in resonant quatrain,  
In fourfold note reduplicate again  
Repeated by rebounding antiphone.  
These fail, and sudden, paired or tripleted,  
Dance forward sisters six, each, fleeting by,  
With warbling lip the arrested strain  
prolongs,  
Giving to sight the viewless melody  
In poetry of motion shaped and sped  
By poetry of rhythms and of songs.



CAMOENS IN BANISHMENT

[ELEGIA III.]

TAGUS, afloat between whose noble shores  
Swim the proud barks for Indian seas  
designed,

Moving with motion of the gentle wind,  
Or showering crystal drops from cleaving oars;

Say, is there one among the band deplores

The glorious peril Destiny assigned

To plough the lonely azure unconfined,  
Parting the bitter flood that ocean pours?

I, too, whom links of bondage here constrain,

In like resolvèd mood would wend with thee,

Bound for Love's deep so sunny and so  
dear :

But, since the body cannot now be free,

Abandon it, bright River, to its chain,

And speed the soul, incarnate in my tear.

TORCHES OF LOVE AND DEATH

To him, who symbol of his empire shows  
By the inverted brand's declining flame,  
Love, spent with wayfaring, in twilight  
came,  
And said, I weary, and would taste repose.  
Do thou, whose vigilant eye must never close,  
Governing thy viewless shafts' incessant  
aim,  
Guard me, and from thy brother's realm  
reclaim  
When bathed in orient light my planet throes.  
And so it was, Love slumbered and arose,  
But, parting, bore his comrade's torch away;  
Soon in Death's numbing hand his own  
expired:  
Now earth is empty of his joys and woes,  
And in her sages' lore, and poets' lay,  
Sweet Love is disesteemed, and Death  
desired.

## THE SIREN

### THE SIREN

YOUNG moon and firstling star and rising tide  
Gave Sirens being ; for a spell had sway  
In music of the many-tinted bay,  
And eve's horizon doubtfully espied,  
Sea's spirit from sea's body to divide,  
And shape a tender form from snowy spray,  
Luring with melody of magic lay  
Enchanted lover to enamoured bride.  
Enticing distance swallowed up in night,  
And silver cadences made roaring noise,  
Legend begot in human soul anew.  
Men said, The Siren's arms have strangling  
might,  
Her kiss consumes, her song to death decoys,  
And bones of youths devoured her cave  
bestrew.

THE WORLD AND THE SEA

THE mighty world is like the mighty surge ;  
Billow on billow rises and retreats,  
Yet each the others' countenance repeats,  
Or doth in magnitude alone diverge.  
The caverned Siren tarries to emerge ;  
Past unattempted shores the seaman fleets ;  
The timorous sail in shallows tacks and  
beats ;  
The sail adventurous lessens to the verge.  
'Tis wreck, if any drift of worth be spied ;  
If aught of verdure, 'tis but drift of weed,  
Disrooted in the ocean's stormy whirl.  
Three blissful fare the barrenness beside ;  
The eye that watches till the wave recede,  
The heart that knows, the hand that grasps  
the pearl.

## THE STAR OF LOVE

### THE STAR OF LOVE

STAR, whose fair light doth more and more  
excel

As light grows dimmer ; but at birth of  
sun,

O'ertaken by the flame thou didst forerun,  
Fadest as things obscure grow visible :

Men call thee Star of Love, and name thee  
well,

Thinking on tenderness of Love begun

'Neath throbbing Hesper, or in dawn  
undone

At beckoning Phosphor's sign inexorable.

And light of Love is like the light of thee,

Paired not with peer among the immortal  
host,

Or partner with a less transcendent flame ;

Brightest when all around him darkens most ;

Throned o'er the land and bosomed in the  
sea,

For from Sea's bosom anciently he came.

## BREVITY

### BREVITY

WINDOWS in heaven, lakes of transparency ;  
Eve's waning hour, of light not all undrest ;  
The distant river's mimicry of rest ;  
Gleams for a moment given to the sea ;  
The passing face that snares thee innocently ;  
Unbidden tears ; proud sob with pride  
represt ;  
Unlooked for look of Love ; these bring  
Life zest  
Savoury with the salt of brevity.  
Briefness of life doth life to Life endear ;  
One mortal heart for all the Gods hath  
room ;  
Restriction moulds and rolls the suns aright,  
By circumscription of compacted sphere  
Welding to orbs that kindle and illume,  
The beamless dust of spaces infinite.

## ENDYMION

## ENDYMION

HE slept on Latmian pinnacle upraised  
    'Neath amethystine skies uncrost by cloud ;  
    No ripple rose on sea ; no blade was bowed ;  
Sole in the purple void Love's sapphire blazed.  
Selene came, stooped, rose ; he woke amazed  
    In Moonland's fiery silence, where nor loud  
    Or low breathes hovering wind, or billows  
    crowd  
Booming from beds of oceans long erased.  
The sun with undeflected arrow seared  
    The flameless crater's swart and torrid wall ;  
    The silver raiment shrouded Earth afar :  
Yet nought Endymion's spirit could appal ;  
    For nought beheld he in that desert weird  
    Save Dian's eyes, more sweet than moon  
    or star.

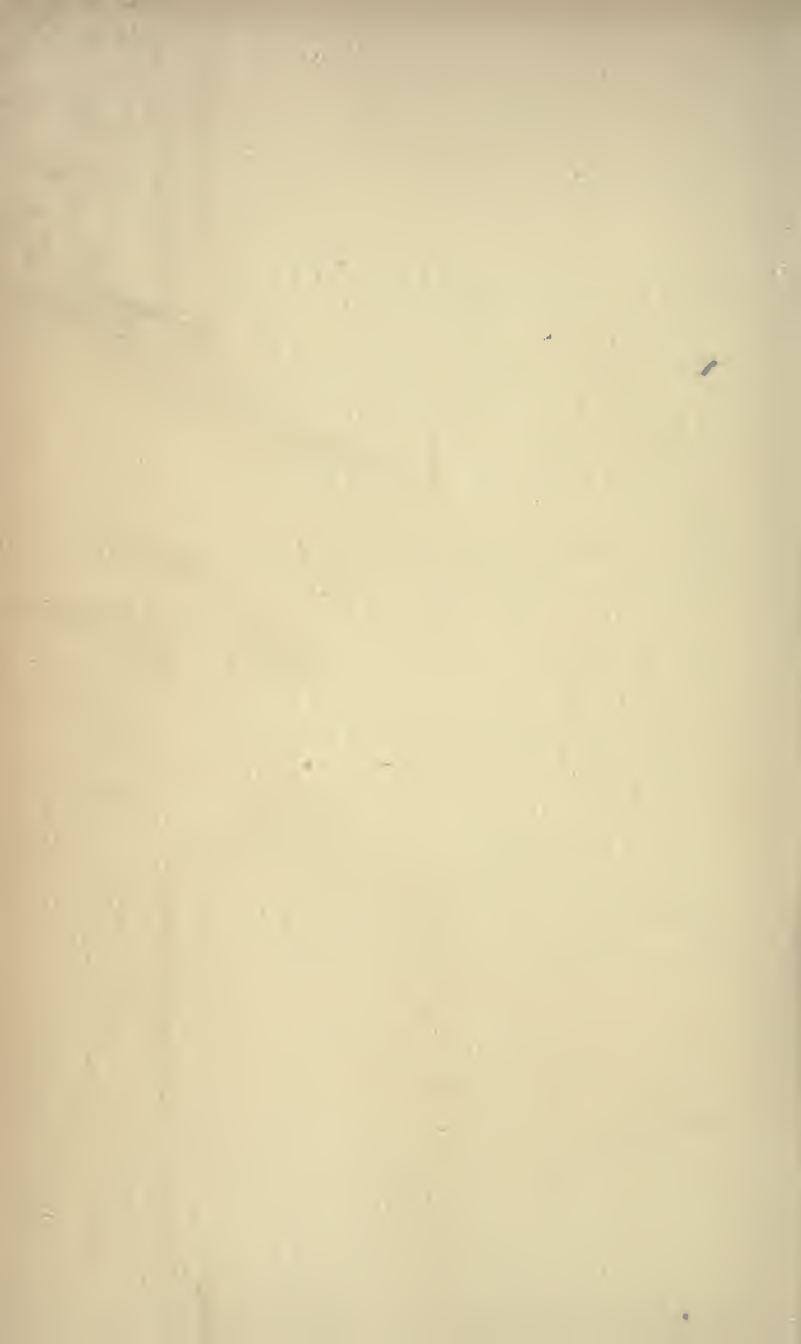
DIAN'S WAYS

BLEST who unwinds the woodland's sunny  
    maze  
    Dappled with lights and glooms diversified,  
    Where beams in creviced leafage sport and  
    glide,  
Turning transparent green to tender blaze.  
But suddenly the covert shakes and sways,  
    And swift through crashing boughs the  
    deer hath hied,  
    Shunning her shaft whose eye of startled  
    pride  
Launches the brighter bolt that speedier slays.  
Her dart the deer, her mood ungentle stays  
    Suit that the smitten spirit should have  
    sighed,  
If Body found but tongue to plead or praise,  
    Or Soul saw not that Suit must be denied.  
Whence then, chaste votary of Dian's ways,  
    This little faun that trippeth at thy side?



WRITTEN IN MILES'S 'POETS  
OF THE CENTURY'

I SAW the youthful singers of my day  
To sound of lutes and lyres in morning  
hours  
Trampling with eager feet the teeming  
flowers,  
Bound for Fame's temple upon Music's way:  
A happy band, a folk of holiday:  
But some lay down and slept among the  
bowers ;  
Some turned aside to fanes of alien Powers ;  
Some Death took by the hand and led away.  
Now gathering twilight clouds the land with  
grey,  
Yet, where last light is lit, last pilgrims go,  
Outlined in gliding shade by dying glow,  
And fain with weary fortitude essay  
The last ascent. The end is hid, but they  
Who follow on my step shall surely know.



## OCCASIONAL POEMS



THE CENTURY

LINES ON THE ROYAL MARRIAGE

*July 6, 1893*

FAINT with the weary way  
Of nine long decades travelled since her prime,  
The ancient Century grey  
Looks backward to survey  
Her record on the unfolded scroll of Time.

Such battle-music's beat  
Ne'er rang around a new, defenceless birth,  
Since sword and shield did meet  
Clashing where caves of Crete  
Concealed the infant Lord of heaven and earth.

And still, as she did grow,  
Loud and more loud the warrior din became.  
Red ran Rhine, Danube, Po ;  
Vast Russia's sheet of snow  
Crimsoned with smoking blood and surging  
flame.

## THE CENTURY

What gush of golden morn  
Purges Earth's purple blot and lurid hue ?  
Meek in the bowing corn,  
Glad in the grape reborn,  
The dead arise to mantle her anew.

Scornful of shattered yoke,  
Swift Commerce speeds where Plenty's way  
hath lain.  
Strength to the hammer's stroke !  
Hail to the heart of oak  
Charged with the floating treasure of the  
main !

What new unlooked-for page  
Turns sudden in the book of Destiny ?  
What spell of seer or mage,  
Thou wan expiring age,  
E'er summoned up a Power like theirs who  
bend to thee ?

Behold yon vapoury sign  
Of fire and flood's inimical embrace.  
The jarring powers combine,  
The fleeing strength confine,  
Then laugh at dwindled Time and shrivelled  
Space.

## THE CENTURY

As yawns the riven hill,  
As force elastic whirls the train along,  
A swifter Spirit still  
Stands waiting on thy will,  
And Steam is now man's arm, and Lightning  
now his tongue.

Hail ! Powers divinely lent  
As magic mail for mortal denizen ;  
Not plaything or portent,  
But Wisdom's instrument  
Wide lands to weld in one, and fashion Man  
from men.

As in old days divine  
Ere all Night's arch to glowing stars was  
given,  
A space was left to shine  
For prince and heroine  
Exalted at Jove's beck, and planted in his  
heaven.

So, though some vein that ran  
With human life in every floweret smiles.  
For westward-wending man  
Remains the prairie's span,  
And sea's uncounted multitude of isles.

## THE CENTURY

O ye by brains and hearts  
Elected shapers of the coming State,  
Not mines alone, nor marts,  
But let laws, manners, arts,  
Approve ye Fortune's friends, and worthy of  
your fate !

And thou who glidest by  
With step unstayed, departing Century ;  
Lives no divining eye  
The issue to descry  
Of this great stream whose fount arose in  
thee ?

Not studious lamp, or blaze  
Of altar deep Futurity illumine ;  
Nor doth the golden maze  
Of winding starry ways  
Throb with the secret of the coming doom.

Yet Heaven's allotment dread  
Haply may be by gentlest signs foreshown ;  
As by each herb we tread  
Some riddle may be read,  
And somewhat of Earth's mystery be known.



## THE CENTURY

Be then the maiden's brow  
With scented wreaths of southern blossom  
    crowned,  
And let the bridal vow,  
    Serenely said, and low,  
Be heard, though nations' plaudits peal around.

Be homes of men to-night  
With glowing globes and flaming cressets gay.  
    And be men's memories bright  
    With the auguster light  
That streams from fifty years of stainless sway.

Frail though these omens be  
As the sea-rainbow flying with the foam ;  
    Yet part in peace and glee  
    Thou fading Century ;  
The bow is in the cloud, thou bear'st a promise home.

LINES AT BOSCOMBE

So, Florence, you have shown to me  
All your wild region by the sea ;  
The pines, mysterious to us both,  
Distorted with a sidelong growth  
Of boughs irregularly spread,  
And rough trunks ivy-garlanded ;  
The pathways indistinct and brief  
Littered with droppings of the leaf ;  
The bents' precarious and scant  
Life on the mounds extravagant  
Of sand towards the abysmal sea  
Crumbling for ever silently ;  
The rain-worn gully ; the embrowned  
Curve, sweeping half the horizon round,  
Of low beach smooth to the content  
Of the caressing element ;  
The glad waves' unconstrained advance,  
And simultaneous resonance,

LINES AT BOSCOMBE

And silvery flash, the roving skiff,  
And Bournemouth's pier, and Swanage cliff,  
Dulling its line of keenest white  
In the warm prevalence of light ;  
And now we sit, you smile, I sigh ;  
What think we, Florence, you and I ?

This vision to my fancy brought  
Another, Florence, I have thought  
Of a remote, more azure sea,  
Ship-bringer unto Italy :  
Not where the sullied wave reflects  
The smoke Vesuvius ejects,  
Or rippings wreath their radiant smiles  
Under Ligurian campaniles,  
Or where the classic waters bring  
Music around the ruining  
Of the lost Baiae they inter  
Blithely, or are the theatre  
Where marvelling Messina sees  
Morgana's airy witcheries :  
But where forlorn floods have placed  
Salt lips against the Pisan waste  
Of sand the dry sirocco has  
Heaped lavishly, and reeds and grass  
Fed by lagoons and swampy chains  
Of ponds, where sole the heron reigns,

LINES AT BOSCOMBE

Till wroth and dissonant he goes,  
Scared by the charging buffaloes,  
Yet almost everywhere you see  
The violet's blue fragility  
Nestling her little store of sweet  
'Mid the stained sheddings at the feet  
Of the old pine-trees that appear  
As universal there as here.

What welds the subtle link between  
The English and the Tuscan scene?  
Not merely their accordant mood  
Of independent solitude;  
Not only that the eye might scan,  
Ranging the realm Etrurian,  
In pine, and knoll, and sand, and sea,  
Almost this region's mimicry;  
But that one Spirit doth efface  
The differences of either place,  
Making of each the same obscure  
Ground of one radiant portraiture—  
That soul of planetary birth,  
Tempered for some more prosperous Earth  
Haply by error or by guile  
Rapt from the star most volatile  
That speeds with fleet and fieriest might  
Next to the kernel of all light,

LINES AT BOSCOMBE

Fallen unwelcome, unaware  
On this low world of want and care,  
Mistake, misfortune, and misdeed,  
Passion and pang, where not indeed  
Ever might envious dæmon quell  
The ardour indestructible ;  
The mood scarce human or divine,  
Angelic half, half infantine ;  
The intense unearthly quivering  
Of rapture or of suffering ;  
The lyre, now thrilling wild and high,  
Now stately as the symphony  
That times the solemn periods,  
Comings and goings of the Gods,  
And smitten with as free a hand  
As if the plectrum were a wand  
Gifted with magic to unbar  
The silver gate of every star :—  
And truly, Shelley thine were strains  
Tuned for thy spirit's old domains,  
Breathed less intelligibly for  
The duller earthly auditor.

Yes, Shelley loved the forests dim  
By Pisa's coast, here they love him !  
Italian shades could only give  
A refuge to the fugitive,

LINES AT BOSCOMBE

Whom these retreats, where never came  
His wandering foot, and with his name  
Only fortuitously blent,  
Own as their boast and ornament :—  
These woods, dark borderers of the wave  
From Percy's shrine to Mary's grave,  
Whose sombre and perennial woof  
Screens from the spray the cheerful roof  
O'er high saloons and galleries spread,  
The relic-chambers of the dead.  
There, Florence, like a daisy's bloom  
Fair on some old heroic tomb  
In modesty and ignorance,  
The sweetness of your sunny glance  
Descries, untutored to discern,  
The secret of the silver urn  
Shrining the ashes chill and grey  
Of the rich heart that glowed away,  
The shredded locks—all trifles else  
Where worth Affection only tells |  
With her still count—of all the most,  
Those drops from the heart's innermost  
Shed on the scrawled and blotted page,  
Which when at last its spells engage  
The free enthusiastic mood  
And poetry of maidenhood—

LINES AT BOSCOMBE

Then shall not even this meaner chant  
Be ineffectual ministrant  
To wing the spirit, taught its strength  
With aspiration, till at length  
Another look shall occupy  
The brown arena of the eye  
Fixed on me now with half distress  
And wonder at my pensiveness.

1860.

WITH AN INDIAN LAMP

LAMP, fitly rendered at her shrine  
Whose soul so oft hath lighted mine,  
I would Aladdin's spell were thine.  
Not that thou shouldst enact the part  
Alluring to the vulgar heart ;  
Raise in an hour a sumptuous dome  
For her who seeks a simple home ;  
Heap gold unwelcome on the spot  
Where only it is valued not ;  
Deck with the grace of pearl and gem  
The grace that hath no need of them ;  
But by thy power that bridged might be  
The weltering waste of weary sea,  
O'erleapt the desert's searing space ;  
That instantaneous thou might'st place  
The wanderer frail where Ganges laves  
The palm whose fellowship she craves ;  
And when her foot forgot to roam,  
O better far ! might'st bear her home.



WITH AN INDIAN LAMP

Yet, though the Efreet now no more  
Speed at thy bidding as of yore,  
Spirit more exquisite may be  
Swayed by a subtler sorcery.  
When the fierce days desired decline  
Kindles thy brilliance vespertine,  
And the pure beam, thy quivering soul,  
Simple yet ample, floods her scroll,  
Tell her who keep remote and fain  
Vigil beside the flickering twain  
Of Earth's dim lamps that dimmest be;  
Fond Hope and pallid Memory.

A WELCOME

A WELCOME

WHOSE bark from Baltic isles to ours  
Do friendly breezes bring ?  
'Tis hers, companion of the flowers,  
Forerunner of the spring.  
On our soil her foot is set  
With the firstling violet,  
'Mid happy trees displaying  
Themselves in new arraying.

Spring's bird, that with adventurous flights  
Thy ocean way dost trace,  
Mark where the herald footstep lights,  
And follow to the place.  
Through our isle's fair compass be  
Made the merry melody  
Of sky and air repeating  
The gladness of our greeting.

A WELCOME

All hail ! fair stranger, gentle bride,  
Before whose face this day  
A mourning robe is cast aside,  
A cloud is rolled away.  
Come with birds and blossoms bright,  
Genial warmth and lengthening light,  
And round thy path assemble  
All things thou dost resemble !

*Feb. 1863.*

MEMORIAL VERSES

MEMORIAL VERSES

I

FOR A BRASS PLACED IN SHELLEY'S  
BIRTH-CHAMBER.

SHRINE of the dawning speech and thought  
Of Shelley, sacred be  
To all who bow where Time has brought  
Gifts to Eternity.

II

FOR A MONUMENT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD  
OF ISANDHLANA

STAND proud and sad, memorial Urn,  
To bid him know who draweth near,  
Triumph did ne'er more honour earn  
Than dark Disaster gathered here.

MEMORIAL VERSES

III

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON, 1809-1892

WOULD'ST know my place and stature among  
men ?

Answered be thou as he who asks of Wren,  
And reads engraven on the hallowed ground,  
'Seeker, thou needest but to look around.'

Thou, though with sight discomfited, survey  
The various vision of Victoria's day ;  
New thoughts, new arts, new laws, new lore  
behold,

Yet the same mind indwelling as of old ;  
All in my song's vast harmony embraced,  
The new enthroned, nor yet the old displaced ;  
Fields to thy view by hosts contending trod  
Calm unto mine as to the eye of God :  
Set then my soul that spacious scene beside,  
And by its measure mine be certified :  
I through the Spirit of that world alone,  
He through me only truly to be known.

MEMORIAL VERSES

IV

FOR THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE  
'ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS'

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*

IF old Experience stand on Flaccus' side,  
Lending his lore new warrant day by day,  
Let Clio's page for mine be cast aside,  
For I can show what she can only say.

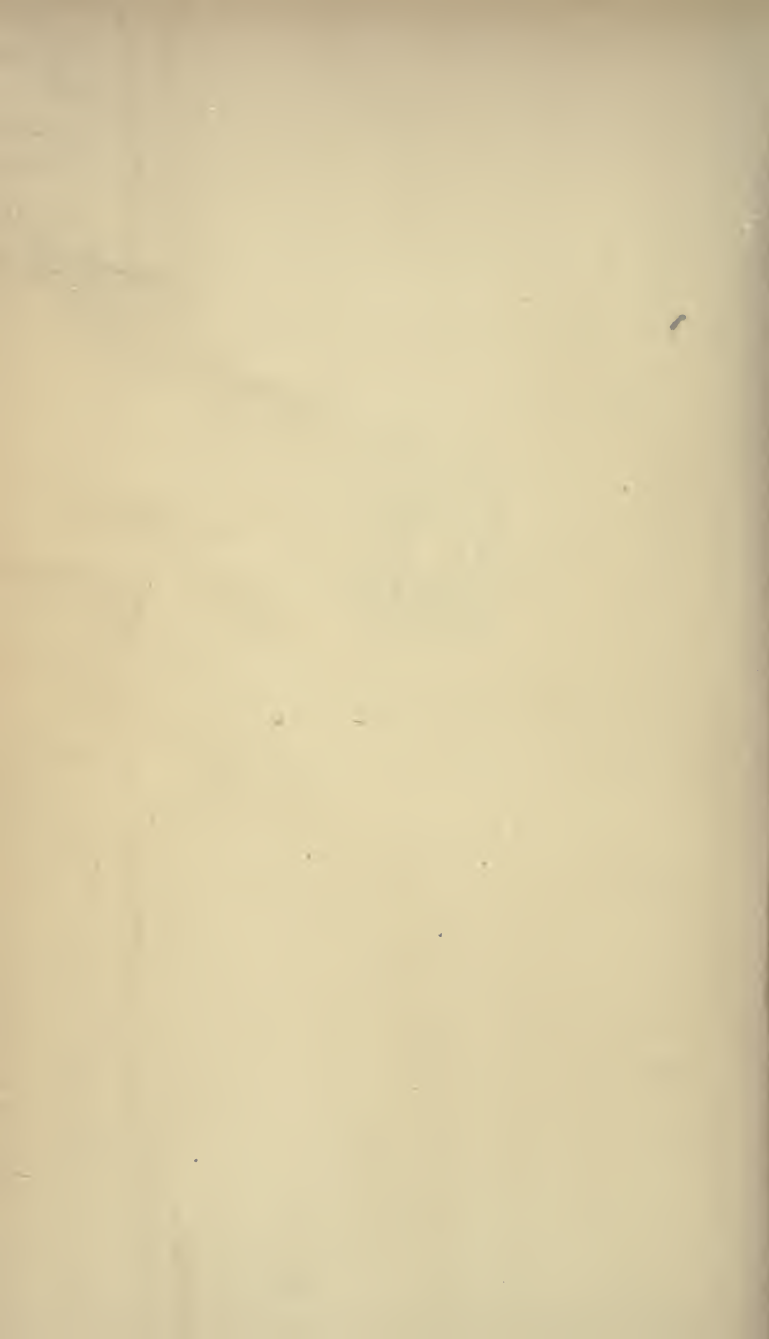
V

AN EPITAPH

Death's due demanded and Life's task achieved,  
I greet the home I sought not nor did shun :  
Thankful for the great good I have received,  
More thankful for the little I have done.



Edinburgh: T. and A. CONSTABLE  
Printers to Her Majesty





*By the same Author.*

## THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS.

To be obtained of ELKIN MATHEWS and JOHN LANE.

Price 3s. 6d. net.

---

'Mr. Garnett proves himself to be an artist in literary satire. He has exceeding culture, a wide range of sympathy, the rare faculty of serene irony, and a style at once delicate and vigorous, concise, and yet vividly illustrative.'—*Academy*.

'There is nothing exactly like them anywhere else, and you wish there were more.'—*National Observer*.

'In our opinion this volume takes rank, for imagination and delicate humour, above most of the literary work of recent years. Every tale is crackling with wit, and if imagination and style compose the true elixir of literary life, *The Twilight of the Gods* should live.'

*British Weekly.*

'A volume of stories possessing a curiously blended flavour of scholarship, quaint fancifulness, and almost grim satire. The literary workmanship is characteristically graceful and finished.'—*Scottish Leader*.



List of Books  
in  
Belles Lettres



ALL BOOKS IN THIS CATALOGUE  
ARE PUBLISHED AT NET PRICES

1893

*Telegraphic Address—*  
'BODLEIAN, LONDON'

'A WORD must be said for the manner in which the publishers have produced the volume (*i.e.* "The Earth Fiend"), a sumptuous folio, printed by CONSTABLE, the etchings on Japanese paper by MR. GOULDING. The volume should add not only to MR. STRANG'S fame but to that of MESSRS. ELKIN MATHEWS AND JOHN LANE, who are rapidly gaining distinction for their beautiful editions of belles-lettres.'—*Daily Chronicle*, Sept. 24, 1892.

*Referring to MR. LE GALLIENNE'S 'English Poems' and 'Silhouettes' by MR. ARTHUR SYMONS:—*'We only refer to them now to note a fact which they illustrate, and which we have been observing of late, namely, the recovery to a certain extent of good taste in the matter of printing and binding books. These two books, which are turned out by MESSRS. ELKIN MATHEWS AND JOHN LANE, are models of artistic publishing, and yet they are simplicity itself. The books with their excellent printing and their very simplicity make a harmony which is satisfying to the artistic sense.'—*Sunday Sun*, Oct. 2, 1892.

'MR. LE GALLIENNE is a fortunate young gentleman. I don't know by what legerdemain he and his publishers work, but here, in an age as stony to poetry as the ages of Chatterton and Richard Savage, we find the full edition of his book sold before publication. How is it done, MESSRS. ELKIN MATHEWS AND JOHN LANE? for, without depreciating MR. LE GALLIENNE'S sweetness and charm, I doubt that the marvel would have been wrought under another publisher. These publishers, indeed, produce books so delightfully that it must give an added pleasure to the hoarding of first editions.'—KATHARINE TYNAN in *The Irish Daily Independent*.

TO MESSRS. ELKIN MATHEWS AND JOHN LANE almost more than to any other, we take it, are the thanks of the grateful singer especially due; for it is they who have managed, by means of limited editions and charming workmanship, to impress book-buyers with the belief that a volume may have an æsthetic and commercial value. They have made it possible to speculate in the latest discovered poet, as in a new company—with the difference that an operation in the former can be done with three half-crowns.'

*St. James's Gazette.*

September 1893.

List of Books  
IN  
*BELLES LETTRES*

(Including some Transfers)

PUBLISHED BY

Elkin Mathews and John Lane

The Bodley Head

VIGO STREET, LONDON, W.

*N.B.—The Authors and Publishers reserve the right of reprinting any book in this list if a second edition is called for, except in cases where a stipulation has been made to the contrary, and of printing a separate edition of any of the books for America irrespective of the numbers to which the English editions are limited. The numbers mentioned do not include the copies sent for review or to the public libraries.*

---

ADDLESHAW (PERCY).

POEMS. 12mo. 5s. net.

[*In preparation.*]

ALLEN (GRANT).

THE LOWER SLOPES: A Volume of Verse. 600 copies.

Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net.

[*Immediately.*]

ANTÆUS.

THE BACKSLIDER AND OTHER POEMS. 100 only.

Small 4to. 7s. 6d. net.

[*Very few remain.*]

BEECHING (H. C.), J. W. MACKAIL, &

J. B. B. NICHOLS.

LOVE IN IDLENESS. With Vignette by W. B. SCOTT.

Fcap. 8vo, half vellum. 12s. net. [*Very few remain.*]

*Transferred by the Authors to the present Publishers.*

## BENSON (ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER).

POEMS. 550 copies. 12mo. 5s. net.

## BENSON (EUGENE).

FROM THE ASOLAN HILLS: A Poem. 300 copies. Imp.  
16mo. 5s. net. [*Very few remain.*]

## BINYON (LAWRENCE).

POEMS. 12mo. 5s. net. [*In preparation.*]

## BOURDILLON (F. W.).

A LOST GOD: A Poem. With Illustrations by H. J. FORD.  
500 copies. 8vo. 6s. net. [*Very few remain.*]

## BOURDILLON (F. W.).

AIRES D'ALOUETTE. Poems printed at the private press  
of Rev. H. DANIEL, Oxford. 100 only. 16mo.  
£1, 10s. net. [*Very few remain.*]

## BRIDGES (ROBERT).

THE GROWTH OF LOVE. Printed in Fell's old English  
type at the private press of Rev. H. DANIEL, Oxford.  
100 only. Fcap. 4to. £2, 12s. 6d. net.  
[*Very few remain.*]

## COLERIDGE (HON. STEPHEN).

THE SANCTITY OF CONFESSION: A Romance. Second  
Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. net. [*A few remain.*]

## CRANE (WALTER).

RENAISSANCE: A Book of Verse. Frontispiece and 38  
designs by the Author. Imp. 16mo. 7s. 6d. net.  
[*Very few remain.*]Also a few fcap. 4to. £1, 1s. net. And a few fcap. 4to, Japanese  
vellum. £1, 15s. net.

## CROSSING (WM.).

THE ANCIENT CROSSES OF DARTMOOR. With 11 plates.  
8vo, cloth. 4s. 6d. net. [*Very few remain.*]

## DAVIDSON (JOHN).

PLAYS: An Unhistorical Pastoral; A Romantic Farce; Bruce, a Chronicle Play; Smith, a Tragic Farce; Scaramouch in Naxos, a Pantomime, with a Frontispiece, Title-page, and Cover Design by AUBREY BEARDSLEY. 500 copies. Small 4to. 7s. 6d. net.  
[Immediately.]

## DAVIDSON (JOHN).

FLEET STREET ECLOGUES. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo, buckram. 5s. net.

## DAVIDSON (JOHN).

A RANDOM ITINERARY: Prose Sketches. With a Ballad. Fcap. 8vo. Uniform with 'Fleet Street Eclogues.' 5s. net.  
[Immediately.]

## DAVIDSON (JOHN).

THE NORTH WALL. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

*The few remaining copies transferred by the Author  
to the present Publishers.*

## DE GRUCHY (AUGUSTA).

UNDER THE HAWTHORN, AND OTHER VERSES. Frontispiece by WALTER CRANE. 300 copies. Crown 8vo. 5s. net. [Very few remain.]

Also 30 copies on Japanese vellum. 15s. net.

## DE TABLEY (LORD).

POEMS, DRAMATIC AND LYRICAL. By JOHN LEICESTER WARREN (Lord De Tabley). Illustrations and Cover Design by C. S. RICKETTS. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

## DIAL (THE).

No. 1 of the Second Series. Illustrations by RICKETTS, SHANNON, PISSARRO. 200 only. 4to. £1, 1s. net.  
[Very few remain.]

*The present series will be continued at irregular intervals.*



## EGERTON (GEORGE).

KEYNOTES : Short Stories. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

## FIELD (MICHAEL).

SIGHT AND SONG. (Poems on Pictures.) 400 copies.  
12mo. 5s. net. [*Very few remain.*]

## FIELD (MICHAEL).

STEPHANIA : A Trialogue in Three Acts. 250 copies.  
Pott 4to. 6s. net. [*Very few remain.*]

## GALE (NORMAN).

ORCHARD SONGS. Fcap. 8vo. With Title-page and  
Cover Design by WILL ROTHENSTEIN. 5s. net.

Also a Special Edition limited in number on small paper (Whatman)  
bound in English vellum. £1, 1s. net.

## GARNETT (RICHARD).

A VOLUME OF POEMS. 350 copies. Crown 8vo. With  
Title-page designed by J. ILLINGWORTH KAY. 5s. net.  
[*Immediately.*]

## GOSSE (EDMUND).

THE LETTERS OF THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES. Now  
first edited. Pott 8vo. 5s. net.  
[*Immediately.*]

## GRAHAME (KENNETH).

PAGAN PAPERS : A Volume of Essays. Fcap. 8vo.  
5s. net. [*Immediately.*]

## GREENE (G. A.).

ITALIAN LYRISTS OF TO-DAY. Translations in the  
original metres from about thirty-five living Italian  
poets, with bibliographical and biographical notes.  
Crown 8vo. 5s. net.



HAKE (DR. T. GORDON).

A SELECTION FROM HIS POEMS. Edited by Mrs. MEYNELL. Crown 8vo. 5s. net. [*Immediately.*]

HALLAM (ARTHUR HENRY).

THE POEMS, together with his essay 'On Some of the Characteristics of Modern Poetry and on the Lyrical Poems of ALFRED TENNYSON.' Edited, with an Introduction, by RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. 550 copies. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net. [*Very few remain.*]

HAMILTON (COL. IAN).

THE BALLAD OF HADJI AND OTHER POEMS. Etched Frontispiece by WM. STRANG. 550 copies. 12mo. 3s. net.

*Transferred by the Author to the present Publishers.*

HAYES (ALFRED).

THE VALE OF ARDEN AND OTHER POEMS. With Title-page and Cover Design by LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net. [*In preparation.*]

HICKEY (EMILY H.).

VERSE TALES, LYRICS AND TRANSLATIONS. 300 copies. Imp. 16mo. 5s. net.

HORNE (HERBERT P.).

DIVERSI COLORES: Poems. With ornaments by the Author. 250 copies. 16mo. 5s. net.

IMAGE (SELWYN).

CAROLS AND POEMS. With decorations by H. P. HORNE. 250 copies. 5s. net. [*In preparation.*]

JAMES (W. P.).

ROMANTIC PROFESSIONS: A Volume of Essays. Crown 8vo. 5s. net. [*Immediately.*]

JOHNSON (EFFIE).

IN THE FIRE AND OTHER FANCIES. Frontispiece by WALTER CRANE. 500 copies. Imp. 16mo. 3s. 6d. net.

## JOHNSON (LIONEL).

THE ART OF THOMAS HARDY: Six Essays. With Etched Portrait by WM. STRANG, and Bibliography by JOHN LANE. Crown 8vo. 5s. 6d. net.

Also 150 copies, large paper, with proofs of the portrait. £1, 1s. net. *[Very shortly.]*

## JOHNSON (LIONEL).

A VOLUME OF POEMS. 12mo. 5s. net. *[In preparation.]*

## KEATS (JOHN).

THREE ESSAYS, now issued in book form for the first time. Edited by H. BUXTON FORMAN. With Life-mask by HAYDON. Fcap. 4to. 10s. 6d. net.

*[Very few remain.]*

## LEATHER (R. K.).

VERSES. 250 copies. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. net.

*Transferred by the Author to the present Publishers.*

## LEATHER (R. K.), &amp; RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

THE STUDENT AND THE BODY-SNATCHER AND OTHER TRIFLES. 250 copies. Royal 18mo. 3s. net.

Also 50 copies large paper. 7s. 6d. net. *[Very few remain.]*

## LE GALLIENNE (RICHARD).

PROSE FANCIES. With Cover Design and Title-page by WILL ROTHENSTEIN. 5s. net.

Also a limited large paper edition. 12s. 6d. net. *[In preparation.]*

## LE GALLIENNE (RICHARD).

THE BOOK BILLS OF NARCISSUS. An Account rendered by RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, buckram. 3s. 6d. net.

## LE GALLIENNE (RICHARD).

ENGLISH POEMS. Second Edition, 12mo. 5s. net.

## LE GALLIENNE (RICHARD).

GEORGE MEREDITH: Some Characteristics. With a Bibliography (much enlarged) by JOHN LANE, portrait, etc. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s. 6d. net.

## LE GALLIENNE (RICHARD).

THE RELIGION OF A LITERARY MAN. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Also a special edition on hand-made paper. 10s. 6d. net.  
[Immediately.]

## LETTERS TO LIVING ARTISTS.

500 copies. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. *Very few remain.*

## MARSTON (PHILIP BOURKE).

A LAST HARVEST: LYRICS AND SONNETS FROM THE BOOK OF LIFE. Edited by LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. 500 copies. Post 8vo. 5s. net.

Also 50 copies on large paper, hand-made. 10s. 6d. net.  
[Very few remain.]

## MARTIN (W. WILSEY).

QUATRAINS, LIFE'S MYSTERY AND OTHER POEMS. 16mo. 2s. 6d. net. [Very few remain.]

## MARZIALS (THEO.).

THE GALLERY OF PIGEONS AND OTHER POEMS. Post 8vo. 4s. 6d. net. [Very few remain.]

*Transferred by the Author to the present Publishers.*

## MEYNELL (MRS.), (ALICE C. THOMPSON).

POEMS. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. A few of the 50 large paper copies (First Edition) remain. 12s. 6d. net.

## MEYNELL (MRS.).

THE RHYTHM OF LIFE, AND OTHER ESSAYS. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. A few of the 50 large paper copies (First Edition) remain. 12s. 6d. net.

## MURRAY (ALMA).

PORTRAIT AS BEATRICE CENCI. With critical notice containing four letters from ROBERT BROWNING. 8vo, wrapper. 2s. net.

## NETTLESHIP (J. T.).

ROBERT BROWNING: Essays and Thoughts. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s. 6d. net. Half a dozen of the Whatman large paper copies (First Edition) remain. £1, 1s. net.

## NOBLE (JAS. ASHCROFT).

THE SONNET IN ENGLAND AND OTHER ESSAYS. Title-page and Cover Design by AUSTIN YOUNG. 600 copies. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Also 50 copies large paper. 12s. 6d. net.

## NOEL (HON. RODEN).

POOR PEOPLE'S CHRISTMAS. 250 copies. 16mo. 1s. net.

[*Very few remain.*]

## OXFORD CHARACTERS.

A series of lithographed portraits by WILL ROTHENSTEIN, with text by F. YORK POWELL and others. To be issued monthly in term. Each number will contain two portraits. Part I. ready Sept. 1893, will contain portraits of SIR HENRY ACLAND, K.C.B., F.R.S., M.D., and of Mr. W. A. L. FLETCHER, of Christchurch, President of the University Boat Club. 350 copies only, folio, wrapper, 5s. net per part; 50 special copies containing proof impressions of the portraits signed by the artist, 10s. 6d. net per part.

## PINKERTON (PERCY).

GALEAZZO: A Venetian Episode and other Poems. Etched Frontispiece. 16mo. 5s. net.

[*Very few remain.*]

*Transferred by the Author to the present Publishers.*

## RADFORD (DOLLIE).

SONGS. A New Volume of Verse. [In preparation.]

## RADFORD (ERNEST).

CHAMBERS TWAIN. Frontispiece by WALTER CRANE.  
250 copies. Imp. 16mo. 5s. net.

Also 50 copies large paper. 10s. 6d. net. [Very few remain.]

## RHYMERS' CLUB, THE BOOK OF THE.

A second series is in preparation.

## SCHAFF (DR. P.).

LITERATURE AND POETRY: Papers on Dante, etc.  
Portrait and Plates, 100 copies only. 8vo. 10s. net.

## SCOTT (WM. BELL).

A POET'S HARVEST HOME: WITH AN AFTERMATH.  
300 copies. 12mo. 5s. net. [Very few remain.]

\* \* Will not be reprinted.

## STODDARD (R. H.).

THE LION'S CUB; WITH OTHER VERSE. Portrait.  
100 copies only, bound in an illuminated Persian  
design. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net. [Very few remain.]

## SYMONDS (JOHN ADDINGTON).

IN THE KEY OF BLUE, AND OTHER PROSE ESSAYS.  
Cover designed by C. S. RICKETTS. Second Edition.  
Thick Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

## THOMPSON (FRANCIS).

A VOLUME OF POEMS. With Frontispiece, Title-page and  
Cover Design by LAURENCE HOUSMAN. 500 Copies.  
Pott 4to. 5s. net. [In preparation.]

## TODHUNTER (JOHN).

A SICILIAN IDYLL. Frontispiece by WALTER CRANE.  
250 copies. Imp. 16mo. 5s. net.Also 50 copies large paper, fcap. 4to. 10s. 6d. net.  
[Very few remain.]

## TOMSON (GRAHAM R.).

AFTER SUNSET. A Volume of Poems. With Title-page and Cover Design by R. ANNING BELL. 12mo. 5s. net.

Also a limited large paper edition. 12s. 6d. net. [*In preparation.*]

## TREE (H. BEERBOHM).

THE IMAGINATIVE FACULTY: A Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution. With portrait of Mr. TREE from an unpublished drawing by the Marchioness of Granby. Fcap. 8vo, boards. 2s. 6d. net.

## TYNAN HINKSON (KATHARINE).

CUCKOO SONGS. With Title-page and Cover Design by LAURENCE HOUSMAN. 500 copies. 5s. net.

[*In preparation.*]

## VAN DYKE (HENRY).

THE POETRY OF TENNYSON. Third Edition, enlarged. Crown 8vo. 5s. 6d. net.

*The late Laureate himself gave valuable aid in correcting various details.*

## WATSON (WILLIAM).

THE ELOPING ANGELS: A Caprice. Second Edition. Square 16mo, buckram. 3s. 6d. net.

## WATSON (WILLIAM).

EXCURSIONS IN CRITICISM: being some Prose Recreations of a Rhymer. Second Edition. 12mo. 5s. net.

## WATSON (WILLIAM).

THE PRINCE'S QUEST, AND OTHER POEMS. With a Bibliographical Note added. Second Edition. 12mo. 4s. 6d. net.

## WEDMORE (FREDERICK).

PASTORALS OF FRANCE—RENUNCIATIONS. A volume of Stories. Title-page by JOHN FULLEYLOVE, R.I. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

*A few of the large paper copies of Renunciations (First Edition) remain. 10s. 6d. net.*



## WICKSTEED (P. H.).

DANTE. Six Sermons. Third Edition. Crown 8vo.  
2s. net.

## WILDE (OSCAR).

THE SPHINX. A poem decorated throughout in line and colour, and bound in a design by CHARLES RICKETTS.  
250 copies. £2, 2s. net. 25 copies large paper.  
£5, 5s. net. *[In preparation.]*

## WILDE (OSCAR).

The incomparable and ingenious history of Mr. W. H., being the true secret of Shakespear's sonnets now for the first time here fully set forth, with initial letters and cover design by CHARLES RICKETTS. 500 copies.  
10s. 6d. net.

Also 50 copies large paper. 21s. net. *[In preparation.]*

## WILDE (OSCAR).

DRAMATIC WORKS, now printed for the first time with a specially designed Title-page and binding to each volume, by CHARLES SHANNON. 500 copies. 7s. 6d. net per vol.

Also 50 copies large paper. 15s. net per vol.

Vol. I. LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN: A Comedy in Four Acts.

Vol. II. A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE: A Comedy in Four Acts.

Vol. III. THE DUCHESS OF PADUA: A Blank Verse Tragedy in Five Acts. *[In preparation.]*

## WILDE (OSCAR).

SALOMÉ: A Tragedy in one Act, done into English. With 11 Illustrations, title-page, and Cover Design by AUBREY BEARDSLEY. 500 copies. 15s. net.

Also 100 copies, large paper. 30s. net. *[In preparation.]*

## WYNNE (FRANCES).

WHISPER. A Volume of Verse. With a Memoir by Katharine Tynan and a Portrait added. Fcap. 8vo, buckram. 2s. 6d. net.

*Transferred by the Author to the present Publishers.*

## The Hobby Horse

A new series of this illustrated magazine will be published quarterly by subscription, under the Editorship of Herbert P. Horne. Subscription £1 per annum, post free, for the four numbers. Quarto, printed on hand-made paper, and issued in a limited edition to subscribers only. The Magazine will contain articles upon Literature, Music, Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and the Decorative Arts;

Poems; Essays; Fiction; original Designs; with reproductions of pictures and drawings by the old masters and contemporary artists. There will be a new title-page and ornaments designed by the Editor.

Among the contributors to the  
Hobby Horse are :

The late MATTHEW ARNOLD.  
LAWRENCE BINYON.  
WILFRID BLUNT.  
FORD MADOX BROWN.  
The late ARTHUR BURGESS.  
E. BURNE-JONES, A.R.A.  
AUSTIN DOBSON.  
RICHARD GARNETT, LL.D.  
A. J. HIPKINS, F.S.A.  
SELWYN IMAGE.  
LIONEL JOHNSON.  
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.  
SIR F. LEIGHTON, Bart., P.R.A.  
T. HOPE McLACHLAN.  
MAY MORRIS.  
C. HUBERT H. PARRY, Mus. Doc.  
A. W. POLLARD.

F. YORK POWELL.  
CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.  
W. M. ROSSETTI.  
JOHN RUSKIN, D.C.L., LL.D.  
FREDERICK SANDYS.  
The late W. BELL SCOTT.  
FREDERICK J. SHIELDS.  
J. H. SHORTHOUSE.  
JAMES SMETHAM.  
SIMEON SOLOMON.  
A. SOMERVELL.  
The late J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS.  
KATHARINE TYNAN.  
G. F. WATTS, R.A.  
FREDERICK WEDMORE.  
OSCAR WILDE.  
ETC. ETC.

*Prospectuses on Application.*

---

THE BODLEY HEAD, VIGO STREET, LONDON, W.



‘Nearly every book put out by Messrs. Elkin Mathews & John Lane, at the Sign of the Bodley Head, is a satisfaction to the special senses of the modern bookman for bindings, shapes, types, and papers. They have surpassed themselves, and registered a real achievement in English bookmaking by the volume of “Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical,” of Lord De Tabley.’

*Newcastle Daily Chronicle.*

‘A ray of hopefulness is stealing again into English poetry after the twilight greys of Clough and Arnold and Tennyson. Even unbelief wears braver colours. Despite the jeremiads, which are the dirges of the elder gods, England is still a nest of singing-birds (*teste* the Catalogue of Elkin Mathews and John Lane).’—Mr. ZANGWILL in *Pall Mall Magazine*.



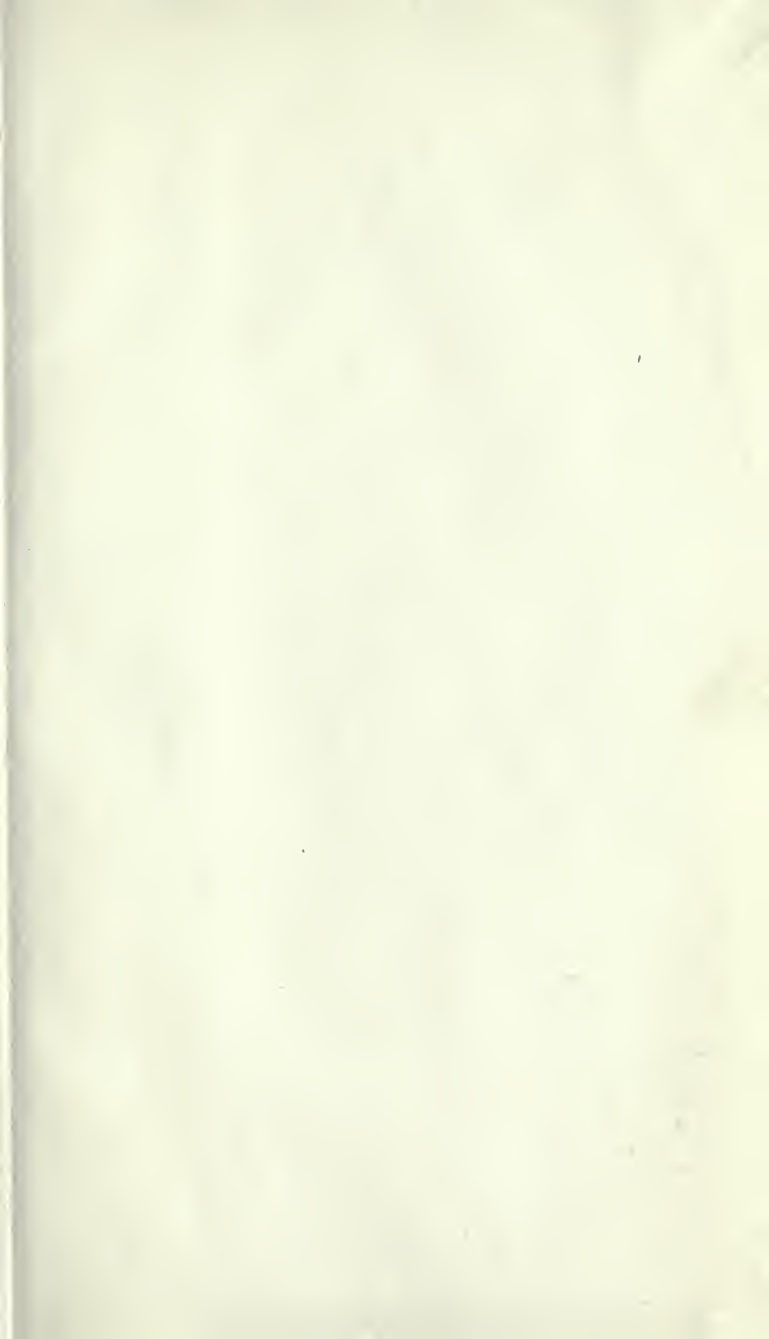
Edinburgh: T. and A. CONSTABLE  
Printers to Her Majesty

① 3259 4

0









PR  
4708  
G5P6

Garnett, Richard  
Poems

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

---

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

---

